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NOVEMBER 1, 1985

h. F. Buckley Jr. on
HAT BLACKS THINK
—See page 78

NATIONAL REVIEW

SOUTH AFRICAN CHALLENGE

A Role for Ronald Reagan

JOHN HUTCHINSON

And the Good News, SAVIMBI LIVES IN ANGOLA

Peter Worthington

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Silent partners in world health

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years. If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. More often, the industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates working together to improve public health in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

Pfizer is pleased to have been a partner in helping to reduce the hazards of one of the world's more widespread health problems. Pfizer is also pleased to be working on other solutions to similar health problems around the world.

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VOL. XXXVII, NO. 21

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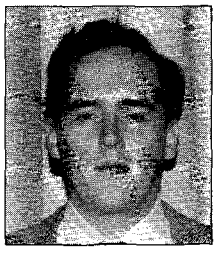
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The violence has gone so far that even the radical African National Congress cannot control it. South Africans, for all their seeming indifference to foreign meddling, look to the U.S. for a solution. Here's what might be done. *John Hutchinson*

51 Angola's Secret War
Jonas Savimbi is not only a great general who has defeated major counter-offensives before, but the political officers in his army teach democracy, constitutionalism, the rule of law, and property rights. *Peter Worthington*

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The Secretary of Education is one of the few Cabinet officers with the courage to fight for changes in the Administration's stance on social issues. *John McLaughlin*

24 Evil Imperial Province
Ethiopia has yielded a cornucopia of resistance groups, but who are the good guys? *Brian Crozier*

58 America's Missing-Socks Crisis
In the early seventeenth century, the penalty for losing one's socks was amputation of the foot. We cannot and should not go to such extremes. *Robert F. Dame*

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62 "Our rights depend upon our willingness not merely to tolerate each other but to defend each other . . . We cannot [defend] lifestyles we regard as abominable or disgusting": Harry V. Jaffa discussing politics, says **Joseph Sobran**, "with full moral seriousness." . . . Richard Schickel says nasty things about TV and the cult of celebrity, but, says **Thomas Doherty**, it's really Ronald Reagan he's sore at. . . . **Alan L. Miller** is relieved Vermont Royster isn't resting on his laurels. . . . Sean Hignett, says **Jeffrey Meyers**, has got his Bloomsbury bedrooms crossed. . . . **John Simon** says *Mishima*'s a mess and all that's plentiful in *Plenty* are Meryl Streep's "tics, mannerisms, posturings, and smug self-absorption." . . . Paul Badura-Skoda's Mozart is splendid because, says **Ralph de Toledano**, he understands the jazzy secrets of the beat. . . . **Nika Hazelton** offers a story of secret love from a town near Rome. . . . **D. Keith Mano**, bitching again.

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LETTERS

Harm in Miranda

William Tucker's examination of the effects of the *Miranda* ruling ["True Confessions," Oct. 18] points to a tragic shift that our criminal-justice system has undergone in the last quarter century. The emphasis on the protection of the rights of the accused combined with an almost pathological pursuit of pedantic pettifogging has served to obviate what should be the true concern of criminal law: the guilt or innocence of the accused. Now the law is being used not to prosecute the guilty, but to protect the guilty. In the end, only the innocent suffer.

James Montgomery
Carson City, Nev.

Afghanistan Journal

Our deepest thanks for your articles on Afghanistan ["The Awful Logic of Genocide" and "The New Holocaust," Oct. 4]. However, in their otherwise excellent articles, both Jean-François Revel and Rosanne T. Klass perpetuated one pernicious myth. It is that journalists are "barred" from Afghanistan.

The truth is that the Afghan-Pakistani border is wide open to journalists, and they are welcome by the legitimate authority in Afghanistan, the people. Guides and interpreters are provided at the border. The journey requires time, stamina, and courage, but the risks are not that great. Many Western reporters (including women such as Hilda Bryant and Debra Denker) have entered, some several times, sometimes staying for weeks. None to my knowledge has yet been caught or killed. The only "bar" to reportage of Afghanistan is the empty pronouncements of the Soviet puppets.

The latest TV reporter to give the lie to this myth is Ken Atkinson of KCRA-TV, Sacramento, who accompanied Dr. Preston Darby on a journey of many days deep inside Afghanistan. The Atkinson video documentary, *Afghanistan Journal: May 1985*, is not only a crucial look at a noble struggle, it is one of the finest works of its kind in years, viewed from a technical and professional standpoint.

It is available from International Medical Corps, P.O. Box 49525, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Our own group (Afghan Help Organization, P.O. Box 1088, Poway, Calif. 92064) has Debra Denker prints for sale, intended for public display with titles and captions.

Lawrence J. Dickson, Chairman
Southern California Associate Chapter
Afghan Help Organization
Poway, Calif.

What, Me Worry?

While Gorbachev should have a lot to be concerned about ["Why Gorbachev Is Worried," by Tom Bethell, Oct. 4], he seems to have left his worry beads at home. Perhaps the reason he is approaching the upcoming summit with such confidence is he is aware that the West will soon swoon from a case of diminished expectations concerning any real shift in Soviet policy. The media mavens who are now trying to tell us that old stain-head is actually a liberal, a reformer, a member of the Pepski generation, will soon be making excuses (with America and Reagan getting much of the blame) for his intransigence. That the Western media are so eager to label Gorbachev as a reformer stems from a basic misunderstanding of the Communist ideology and its leaders. Since Communism sees itself as an inevitable historical process, its leaders cast a blind eye to the grossly apparent flaws in their system. To admit that Communism is on the rocks would be an admission that their ideology is sunk. Successful Soviets don't do that. Gorbachev didn't get where he is today through reform; on the contrary, he uses the tried-and-true techniques of brutality and mendacity to prop up his slave tyranny. There may, somewhere, be a breed of Communist reformers, but like honest lawyers, they don't get too far.

Charles McCarthy
Nyack, N.Y.

On the Dole

Your October 4 "Notes & Asides" column contained a letter from the not so conservative Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole that concerned me. Perhaps he sees the balanced-budget amendment as an instrument to raise taxes? A balanced budget does not make for rational fiscal policy when the senator feels that Uncle Sam should get a higher percentage of the fruits of my labor than the pharaohs asked of the Israelites.

An amendment that would limit the budget to a percentage of the GNP

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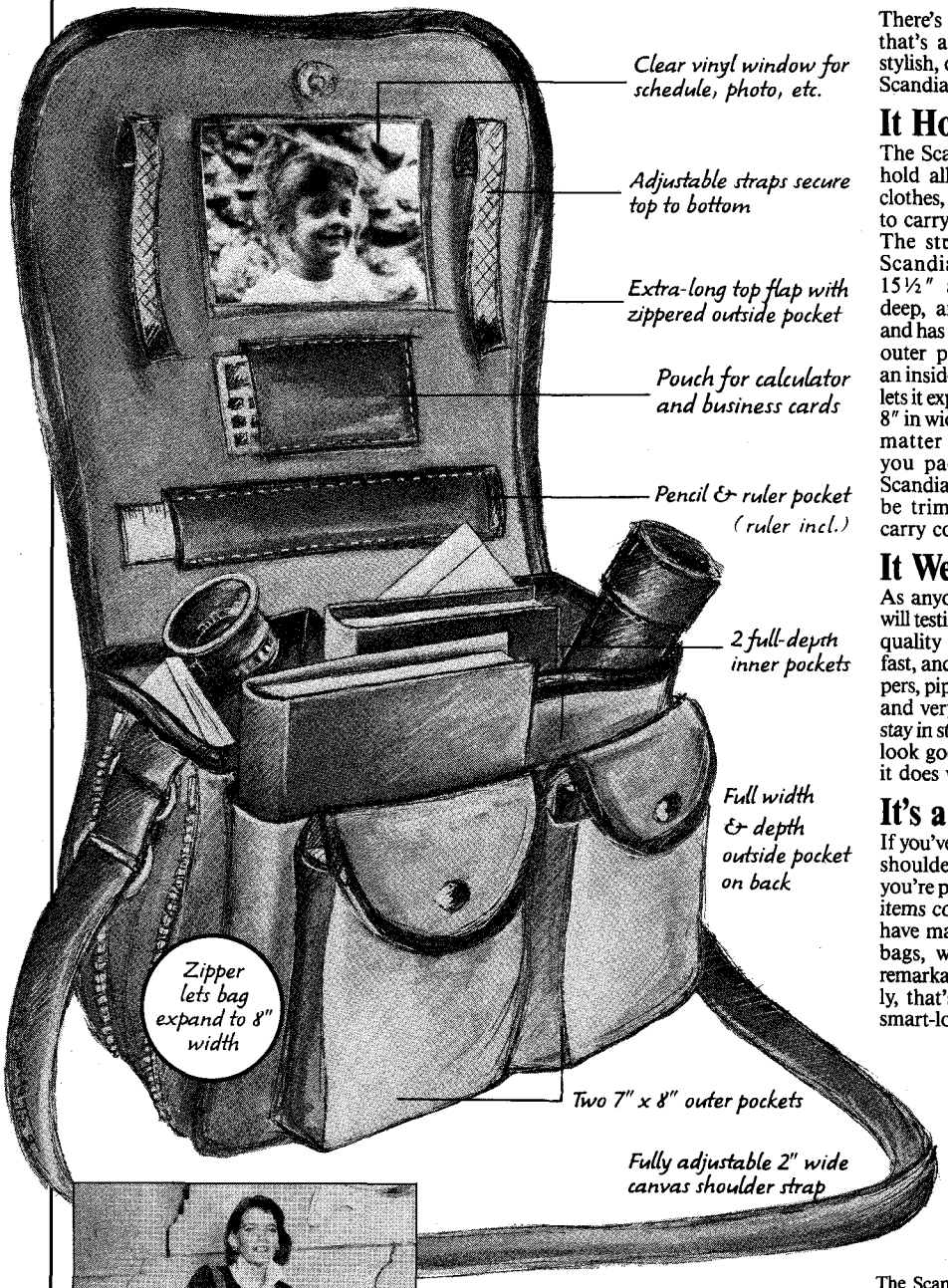
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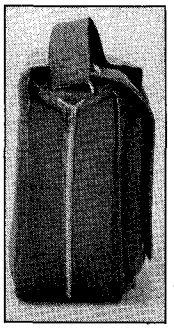

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Marshall B. Coyne

would make more sense to me. Under such an amendment, if Congress acted in a way that hurt the economy it would then be forced to cut its favorite programs. If it acted in ways that helped the economy grow it would get more money to fund farm bills.

There must be a flaw in my logic or else our Congress would have passed such an amendment years ago.

Karl P. Schmidt
Lawrence, Kan.

Green Card Sí, ID Card No!

Chilton Williamson's column on immigration ["The Right Books," Oct. 4] repeats a disappointing position, a willingness to mandate identity cards. It hurts to see such a preposterous and dangerous proposal gain further currency in conservative circles.

It seems most unconservative to set up machinery that any Administration could utilize for ever greater control over the populace. The Reagan swing to conservatism has unseated virtually none of the liberal bias prevalent in the civil-service bureaucracy and in great numbers of elected officials. A slight leftward trend in the general electorate could bring in a regime with strong inclinations toward socialism and limitations of personal freedom. That would be nothing new in this country, but such actions have never been considered part of the conservative agenda.

It is hazardous to serve up a tool so easily perverted. That's the kind of program I hoped conservative spokesmen would condemn, not condone.

Charles M. Hart
Cranford, N.J.

What Exit?

In his review of *The Airman and the Carpenter* ["An American Tragedy," Sept. 6] Jeffrey Hart said he remembered Gabriel Heatter's radio reports of Hauptmann's trial in Trenton (New Jersey). The Hauptmann trial took place in Flemington, New Jersey, the county seat—because the body of the Lindbergh child was found in Hunterdon County. Mr. Hart was no doubt recalling the Hauptmann execution site, Trenton.

A minor blemish in an otherwise excellent review. Many in this area still harbor doubts about the guilty verdict.

Frederick W. Errig
Flemington, N.J.

Nuclear Winner

President Nixon's concise, informative article ["How to Live with the Bomb," Sept. 20] is most timely, coming as it does after the massive, emotional, hand-

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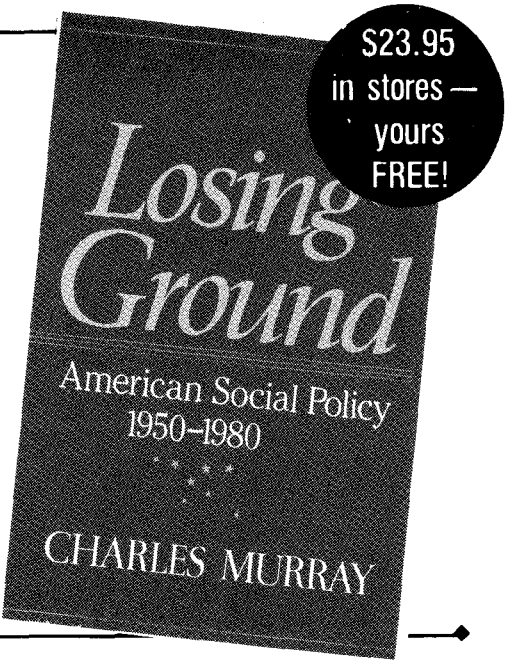
—GEORGE GILDER, *The American Spectator*



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"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced."—*Business Week*

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"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor. . . . Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does."—*Time*

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"I MUST GET OUT OF THESE WET CLOTHES AND INTO A DRY MARTINI."

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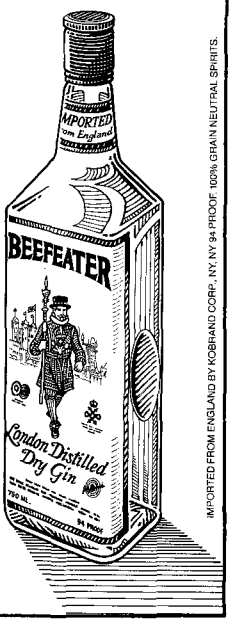
Woollcott was not alone among the literary lions in his regard for America's favorite cocktail.

Somerset Maugham and Alec Waugh were both avowed martini men.

But none, including Woollcott, was really inclined to save his martini for a rainy day.

After all, New York has been known to go weeks without rain.



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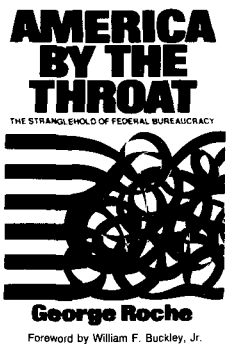

Foreword by William F. Buckley, Jr.

"A lucid, even entertaining, yet also brilliant and penetrating diagnosis of the major social disease of our time. A splendid book that deserves very wide readership." **Nobel Laureate, Milton Friedman**

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America by the Throat is part of Hillsdale College's defense of independence and the liberal arts tradition. Dr. Roche and Hillsdale are committed to providing intellectual leadership through the College's curriculum, the Center for Constructive Alternatives, and the Shavano Institute for National Leadership.

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1844

wringing media tirade regarding the anniversary of the use of the atomic bomb that ended World War II, and prior to the summit meeting between President Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev.

In an irrefutable litany documenting the successes of "nuclear diplomacy" from the Eisenhower era through the 1973 confrontation with Brezhnev during the Yom Kippur War—America's "decisive nuclear superiority" had been lost at that time—President Nixon methodically demolishes the myths perpetrated by the naysayers who have succumbed to Soviet "nuclear coercion."

Assessing the world trouble spots and intricate international relationships, President Nixon's brilliant expertise in foreign affairs shines through in the suggested blueprint for the U.S. role in the world scene.

Susan Spreen
Mission Viejo, Calif.

Richard M. Nixon's article was the best literature I've ever read on living in the nuclear age. I sincerely hope that the Helen Caldicotts of the world and the disarmament ideologues can muster up enough intelligence to understand the basic principles of U.S.-USSR nuclear relations that Nixon talks about.

Nuclear weapons have saved more lives and prevented more wars in the past forty years than "peace" activists have. No one wants a nuclear war, not even the Soviets, but nuclear weapons aren't going to seep into extinction, and the proper use or threat of them will make the term "world war" passé. We must not ignore the fact that the nuclear age has cast a new outlook on war—that war must be avoided for everyone's sake.

Christopher J. Zisi
Newton, Mass.

No City of Angels

Your reporting of the AIDS anti-discrimination law passed by the Los Angeles City Council ["The Week," Sept. 20] may give the impression that Los Angeles residents favor this trendy law. The opposite is true.

The ordinance, which prohibits employers and medical facilities from discriminating against employees with AIDS, was rushed through the City Council. Most Los Angeles residents did not know of its passsage until the media reported the Council vote. Once the law was announced, the phone calls to the Council ran at least 3 to 1 in opposition.

The Council's action on "AIDS rights" is eclipsed by foreign policy, local style. City Councilman Robert Farrell spon-

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THE DRAMA OF SERVICE

There is a dynamic and growing kind of public service activity on television these days. Network series programs and made-for-television movies are discussing serious social issues, such as alcoholism, drug abuse and teenage suicide. Now, high-quality dramas, like ABC's "Something About Amelia," on incest, or NBC's "The Burning Bed," about domestic violence, raise consciousness about problems. A few years ago, these subjects would have been considered too sensitive for television's spotlight. Today these dramas provide a focal point for community outreach and social service programs, often in conjunction with local stations.

An exciting example of public service occurs on the local level when a station mobilizes an intensive campaign concentrated on a specific community problem. Not often recognized nationally—because they are local—these campaigns yield measurable results. Here are just a few examples:

In Little Rock, Arkansas, KATV-TV's campaign, "The Cancer No One Talks About," alerted viewers to the danger of colo-rectal cancer *before* President Reagan's recent illness drew national attention to the problem. Over 125,000 free, in-home medical test kits were distributed by the station in conjunction with a local hospital. As a result, nearly 1,200 Little Rock residents saw their doctors, and to date 17 have had cancerous growths removed.

In Birmingham, Alabama, WBRC-TV waged an all-out campaign against drunk driving, with news programs, talk shows, and public service announcements carrying the message every day. There has been a substantial drop in traffic fatalities due to drunk driving in the area, with *no* deaths last New Year's Eve for the first time in memory. WBRC earned a citation from the Alabama Department of Highway and Traffic Safety for its efforts.

In Seattle, Washington, KOMO-TV has been airing public service announcements on children missing from home in the Seattle area, along with a telephone hotline number. To date, "Missing Kids" has helped to locate 26 children.

We often hear about the power of television, sometimes exaggerated, sometimes underplayed. But there is one aspect of television often overlooked: the power to help, to be part of the solution.

American Television and You

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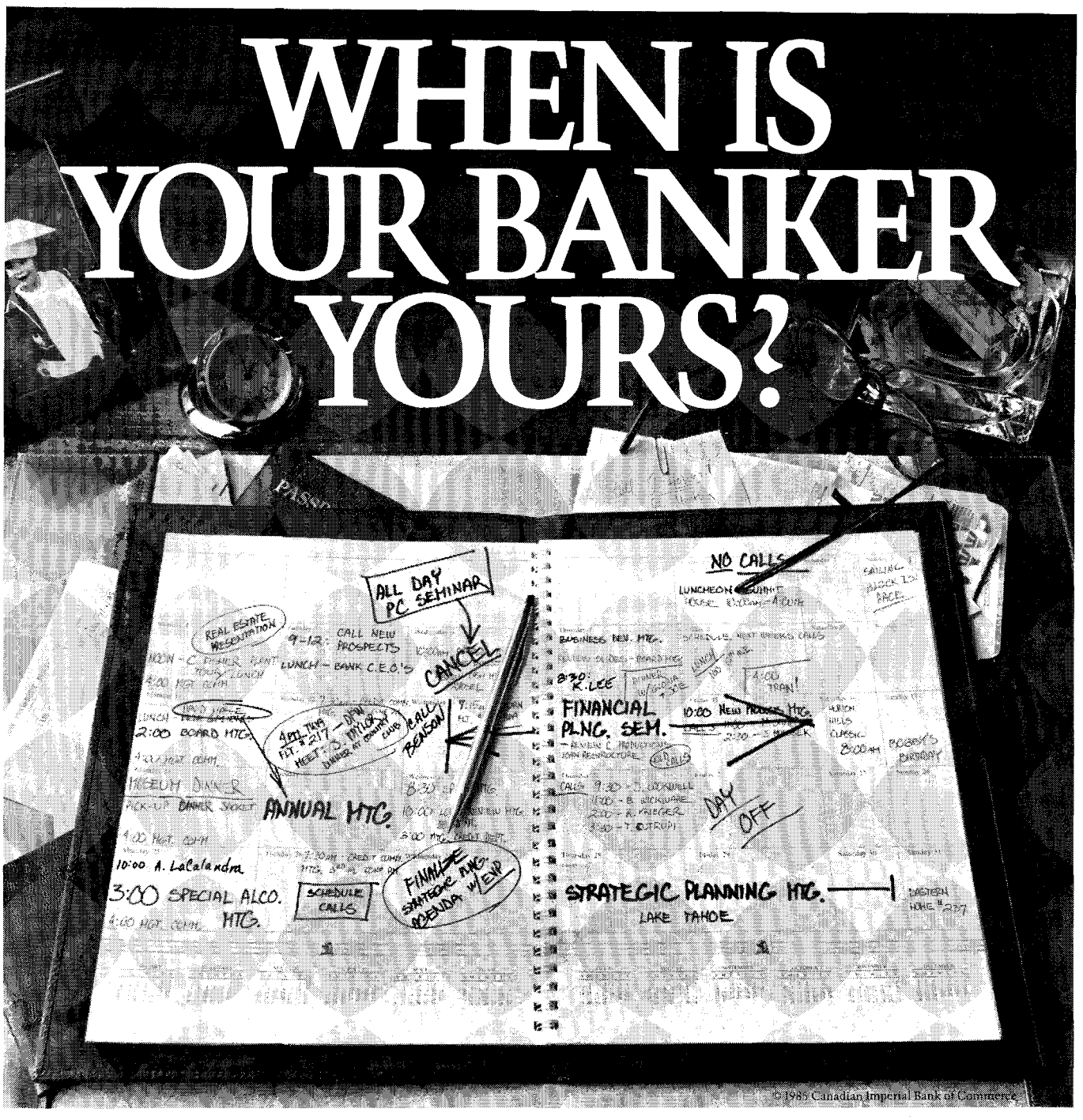

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sored a visit by Daniel Ortega to Los Angeles last year, where he was greeted by Farrell and the deputy mayor.

On the economic front, local politicians are in a flurry, attempting to prevent investment of state and city pension funds in South Africa.

The antics of some Los Angeles politicians almost make Eastern liberalism refreshing by comparison. But just as judicial activism results in rulings not consistent with the will of the majority, an anti-AIDS-discrimination law does not mean everyone in L.A. is happy about it.

Caroline Miranda
North Hollywood, Calif.

De-Salt Talks

William A. Rusher's and D. Keith Mano's evocations of European holidays ["O Sole Mio!" and "In England," Sept. 20] were a joy to read. In both cases, one was "right there." However, Mano hints at a desire for bath showers in England. Has he considered how a small, heavily populated island with no snow mountains could furnish water for several million showers daily? De-salt the Gulf Stream, perhaps?

Hope Miller Kirkpatrick
New Haven, Conn.

I would like to suggest to the relevant authorities that the next time D. Keith Mano's passport expires he not be issued a new one until he has had the chip removed from his shoulder—surgically, if necessary. It's not only England that does it to him—remember the piece a few years ago in which he said the Russians were so awful that they deserved Communism. In the current piece, after a few ritual observations about pub-licensing laws and feminine footgear, he unveils his substantive complaint: "Editorial opinion, of course, is anti-American, anti-Reagan . . ." Yes, it is. So—as Mano, among other of your writers, has pointed out—is most establishment American editorial opinion. If we're to be anti-British because British editorial opinion is anti-American, does that mean we should be anti-American because American editorial opinion is anti-American?

Bob Tilliard
Mount Auburn, Mass.

Survival of the Twittest

In his review of Phil Donahue's latest book ["Tell Us a Story," Sept. 20], Joseph Sobran offers an incomplete theory of evolution. According to Sobran, the reptile followed the development of sex. Not true. The development of sex was followed by the morning-talk-show host, an odd species that survives by talking about sex in front of television audiences.

Though many species have become extinct, the morning-talk-show host will continue to thrive as long as there are sexually oriented issues to exploit, and pseudo-intellectual entertainers like Phil Donahue to exploit them.

Michael J. Karagozian
Sylvan Lake, Mich.

Judicial Restraints

Equating the Reagan Administration's reaction to the display of judicial arrogance with that of the Roosevelt Administration fifty years ago is not as strained as one might infer from reading the comments on Anthony Podesta's People for the American Way ["The Week," Sept. 6].

The proponents of legislative and executive supremacy and the champions of judicial supremacy have been locked in battle ever since the founding of this Republic.

The popular rejoinder to unpopular court decisions in the nineteenth century was to amend the Constitution. The Eleventh and Sixteenth Amendments were responses to *Chisholm* v. *Georgia* and *Pollock* v. *Farmers' Loan & Trust Co.* And the Fourteenth Amendment was a reply to the *Dred Scott* decision.

In the twentieth century, the popular rejoinder to the lack of judicial restraint has tended to take the form of proposals to curb the Supreme Court itself. More than a decade before the relatively mild proposals put forth by FDR, to name one additional Justice for every one who was over seventy and refused to retire (at full salary), that Republican stalwart Senator Borah introduced a bill requiring the concurrence of seven of the nine Justices on the bench to invalidate an act of Congress. In 1935, Senator Norris—another Republican—proposed a resolution incorporating this two-thirds vote to set aside a congressional statute with the additional proviso that if this action wasn't instituted within six months of the effective date of the act, the power of invalidation would be extinguished.

The syllogisms of John Marshall notwithstanding, a good case can be made for the proposition that the powers of the Court to exercise judicial review should be curbed and that the Constitution should be returned to the people and their elected representatives.

Holman Jenkins
Swarthmore, Pa.

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FOR THE RECORD

The early book shows, as it did in 1976 and 1980, **Edward Kennedy** in the catbird seat among Democratic presidential hopefuls. Against **George Bush**, for instance, Kennedy runs neck and neck (50 to 50), while Bush leads **Gary Hart** by 11 points, **Lee Iacocca** by 17, **Mario Cuomo** by 24. But, those figures notwithstanding, the Kennedy charm seems to be wearing thin, even in Massachusetts. . . . A *Boston Globe* story quotes an unnamed Massachusetts Democratic congressman who hopes Kennedy will not top the ticket in 1988 because it might cost the party forty seats. "We need a centrist nominee in '88," he says. Former Kennedy protégé Rep. **Barney Frank** also takes a dim view of a Teddy run. . . . Teddy's various lurches to the right on such things as the line-item veto are not convincing, even to his partisans. **David Garth**, for instance, calls it Teddy's "conservative creep." . . . Kennedy will have the money all right. **Paul Tully**, who runs his PAC, says they've got nearly eighty thousand names on their fundraising list. . . . But now he's got a new problem with feminist groups that have supported him in the past. *Boston Globe* columnist **David Farrell** believes revelations, in **Marcia Chellis**'s *The Joan Kennedy Story*, of Teddy's macho attitude toward his wife may deeply offend the **Eleanor Smeal** types.

On second look, **Mikhail Gorbachev**'s Paris card seems less successful than it did at first. Assistant Secretary of State **Richard Perle**, after conferring with NATO allies in Bonn, reports he's hearing no urgent appeals from his NATO counterparts for new American negotiation positions on disarmament. . . . NATO Secretary General **Lord Carrington** says that Gorbachev's proposals are welcome but "are not the sort of proposals which would be acceptable to the United States or to the West. . . . I don't suppose for one minute," he adds, "that the Soviet Union thought they were going to be accepted out of hand." . . . On the home front, former ambassador to Great Britain and former Republican National Committee co-chairman **Anne Armstrong** and Under Secretary of the Interior **Ann Dore McLaughlin** (Mrs. John) are being mentioned as possible replacements for **Margaret Heckler** at HHS. . . . While Congress can't bring itself to pass the line-item veto that **Ronald Reagan** wants so badly, the country is for it across the board: Republicans in favor, 78 per cent; independents, 73 per cent; Democrats, 63 per cent.

There's much talk about Republican vulnerability in the Senate next year, but Democrats may have trouble in three states: Louisiana and Missouri, with the retirement of Sens. **Russell Long** and **Tom Eagleton**, and Colorado, where Gary Hart can't seem to decide whether he will or won't run. . . . Almost as many people have thrown their hats in the ring in Maryland since Republican **Charles Mathias** said he would quit, as in California where **Alan Cranston** looks a bit more secure than he did in the spring. Latest Maryland entry, but not the last, is Democratic congressman **Michael Barnes**. . . . *Human Events* suggests centrist Republican Sen. **Warren Rudman** (N.H.) may call the whole thing off next year. GOP Gov. **John Sununu** would be a stronger candidate, *Human Events* believes. . . . Duke president and former Democratic Gov. **Terry Sanford** took a quick test of the waters in North Carolina, found them tepid, and won't after all run for seat Republican freshman Sen. **John East** will be vacating.

"Have a cigarette—it doesn't matter any more, does it?"

A hand for the good guys: **Walter Polovchak** (no longer the Littlest Defector) took his oath of allegiance as a brand-new citizen at a gala swearing-in celebration in the Senate's Dirksen Building on Oct. 8, just five days after his 18th birthday. . . . Social historian **Robert Nisbet** of the American Enterprise Institute and playwright **Eugène Ionesco** are this year's winners of the prestigious **Ingersoll** prizes for scholarly letters and creative writing. . . . And Prof. **Edward J. Rozek** (see *NR*, Feb. 22, 1985) was honored at a USIC Educational Foundation American Values Award luncheon at the Denver Club on Oct. 1. Prior recipients were **Andrei Navrozov** of *The Yale Lit* and publisher **Henry Regnery** of Regnery-Gateway Inc. . . . In Washington, the Third Generation, a group of young conservative intellectuals and activists who flocked to D.C. with Reagan victory and meet twice monthly, are bringing out a newsletter to keep the growing membership informed. The Third Generation is run by Heritage's **Benjamin Hart** (*Poisoned Ivy*), a founder of the *Dartmouth Review*. . . . There's a fledgling **Philadelphia Society** offshoot, two meetings old, in Canada, the **Charlottetown Society**. The impetus for the new group was provided by Commodore **Don Lipsett**; the chairman is *NR*'s man in Canada, **Donald Coxe**. For information write: The Charlottetown Society, 34 Suffolk Street, Guelph, Ontario N1H 2H8.

Marjabelle Stewart, a writer on etiquette, has put Ronald Reagan at the top of her ten-best-mannered-people-of-the-year list for being very polite, "especially when **Tip O'Neill** is shaking papers and making jokes behind him" when he's giving a speech.

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THE WEEK

☐ "We hope to bring the hijackers to full justice." And yes, we have no bananas. The moral: Stay home until the Reagan Administration gets its act together.

☐ The frenzy on the subject of South Africa has reached such a pitch that even some of our more sensible leaders are joining the ranks of the selectively indignant. In New York, during a "memorial service" bemoaning the present state of affairs in South Africa, John Cardinal O'Connor said, "Change in South Africa cannot come too quickly." Mayor Koch compared Pretoria 1985 to Berlin 1933. Most surprisingly, in view of his political responsibilities, Secretary of State Shultz called on Pretoria to free jailed terrorist Nelson Mandela as a conciliatory gesture. By trying to direct South African policy from Washington, Shultz puts President Botha in a difficult position, and achieves no real purpose. Botha has already offered Mandela his freedom numerous times, on the condition that he renounce the use of violence. Each time, Mandela has refused. Now Botha is being pressured, by people who would not suffer from the resultant terrorism, to release a man who would, by his own admission, incite violence as soon as he was free. Shultz's demands are empty moral posturing, nothing more.

☐ Seldom does Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* rise to the defense of the honor of the United States, let alone that of President Reagan. But he did just that last week when he complained of a foreign leader's "deliberate insult" to the U.S. and "personal insults" to Mr. Reagan. Moreover, he complained that American responses to these outrages were "faint and timid," and demanded that the U.S. Government retaliate "in the only way that will be understood: by speaking in one voice, acting on its stated principles, marshaling its economic and political resources against the racist system it condemns." Yes, the racist system of South Africa, led by the insulting P. W. Botha. Our own view is that Mr. Reagan should ignore the warmongers, avoid overreaction, and seek a negotiated settlement.

☐ The complicated goings and comings involving the future of our deficit are unresolved at this writing. The Gramm-Rudman bill is ingenious in that it shifts the burden for cutting expenses to the Chief Executive, stipulating only that nothing will be taken from Social Security or from the military. Given that Senator Gramm is a conservative economist and a constitutional straight-shooter, we must infer that his quarrel with congressional torpor at this point exceeds his concern for constitutional punctilio. It isn't the President, but Congress, that is supposed to appropriate funds and regulate their expenditure. A little Mickey Mouse here, but something we can swallow if the effect of it is to cut the porcine deficit. All of this pending what we primarily need, namely a constitutional amendment declaring, in effect, that Congress needs to behave responsibly. *Per impossibile*?

☐ The military-reform movement, whose most famous votary was Gary Hart, embraces a wide variety of folk—from intellectuals specializing in the history of the Prussian general staff, to congressmen howling about $600 toilet seats. *NR* will examine these advocates and their plans in detail in a future issue. Meanwhile, last week, the reformers gained two notable converts (at least to the idea of reform): Barry Goldwater and Sam Nunn. Nunn was one of the key Democrats opposed to SALT II, while Goldwater has been a supporter of the Pentagon for all of his long political career. In a pair of speeches, they scored inter-service rivalry; the propensity of the Joint Chiefs to give mushy military advice; and, interestingly, Congress—slow-footed, scatterbrained, and absorbed in trivia. "Congress," said Nunn, "directed the Secretary of Defense to study the feasibility of selling beef, pork, and lamb produced in the United States in overseas commissaries." It "didn't direct him to evaluate how well [the military] could meet our overseas commitment, however."

☐ Isn't it about time the Left had its own Jesse Helms—the Jesse as pictured by the Left? Well, it does: Paul Simon, the junior senator from Illinois, an uncompromising, ideological junkyard dog who harasses presidential nominees for the simple reason that he disagrees with them. Simon's latest harassee was Laurence Silberman, former Deputy Attorney General, former ambassador to Yugoslavia, currently in line for a slot on the U.S. Court of Appeals. Silberman's sin: to belong to the all-male Metropolitan Club, whose members include an Episcopal bishop, the pres-

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ident of the *Washington Post* company, five federal judges, and James Reston. But Simon doesn't like Silberman, so he went for a chunk of his shin. When Silberman promised to resign from the offending body, Simon growled that he would shift to the nominee's business career.

☐ A recent paper written for the Heritage Foundation proves Iran to be the source of most of the anti-American terrorism in the Middle East and proposes that the U.S. respond with punitive offensive strikes. "In the U.S. War on Terrorism, Iran Is the Enemy" was written by Visiting Fellow Alvin Bernstein. He argues that terrorism is not a criminal activity, but a form of "non-traditional warfare." The paper links Iran to a "low-intensity war," which the U.S. should respond to "with a counter-strategy and a vision of victory." Bernstein, chairman of the Department of Strategy at the U.S. Naval War College, suggests that the reprisal include strikes at arms shipments in Iranian carriers and possible attacks on Iranian naval patrols and aircraft. The attacks would entail little operational risk, have low casualties, and do great damage to Iran, both in its war against Iraq and in its campaign of terrorism against the United States.

☐ British Labour Party leader Neil Kinnock is not crazy, and he wants to be prime minister. So, in a speech to the annual party conference in Bournemouth, he told the Labourites that they had to dump the radical Left. He ridiculed the "generals of gesture," the "games players," the passers of "implausible resolutions," and the partisans of notions that have become "pickled into rigid dogma." Veteran Labour leftists were, literally, speechless and refused all comment. One official walked off the dais before Kinnock had finished. Tony Benn did not even show up for the speech. Time will tell whether this was a historic moment, but Kinnock at least appears to be trying to lead a long march out of the political fever swamps.

☐ The opposite of free enterprise is slave enterprise, at which the Soviets excel. The *Wall Street Journal* reports new findings on the Kolyma gold-mining camps in far northeastern Siberia. According to a monograph by Wladyslaw Cieslewicz, based on Polish and Russian sources, some five to seven million slave laborers died in the camps between 1931 and 1957, almost all of them unassimilable non-Russian nationalists. The mines thus served also as death camps to get rid of dissenters. The slave laborers were given sparse, horrible rations and rags for clothing, and forced to work 16 hours a day in sub-Arctic conditions. Most died within a year or so and, when dying, had their rations cut. Many were buried in the mine gravel where they fell. The Kolyma fields were closed for a time, but today they are operating full blast with some 65 camps being worked—at least partly in hopes of success for the Soviet campaign to bring down its major competitor in gold sales, South Africa. Mr. Cieslewicz notes that "the bodies of [past] victims, usually perfectly preserved in the permafrost, are being caught daily on dragline buckets and bulldozer blades."

☐ Soviet "leader" Mikhail Gorbachev and the missus were a qualified hit in Paris, where they don't look to Moscow for chic these days. The only trouble was, people kept talking about human rights and things, and the mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac, asked if Soviet defense needs really entailed so many nuclear warheads trained on the Louvre. The Parisian media were a little less gaga about the Great Commie Communicator than the American media tend to be, and Gorbachev did lose his temper once or twice. Still, he didn't threaten to bury anyone or bang his shoe on a table at Maxim's, so his conduct was rated civilized, by contemporary community standards.

☐ The President has nominated Edward A. Curran to succeed William Bennett as national chairman of the Endowment for the Humanities. Mr. Bennett and Vice President Bush consider him an excellent nominee. His confirmation is being fought in committee by: Pell, Kennedy, Dodd, Kerry, Simon, and Weicker. That just about says it all. Senator Orrin Hatch, committee chairman, predicted that Curran would be confirmed. The guerrilla warfare against Reagan nominees goes on, without much sign that the White House is willing to shoot back.

☐ A gaggle of Purdue professors has taken the pledge not to accept funding to work on Star Wars. When professors refuse funding, you can believe it, they are *serious*, but what they are serious about isn't necessarily serious—their stated reason being that "it's a system that won't work." And how do they know that until they try it? So we'll give long odds that what they are really serious about is the planted axioms of liberalism. And we *know* they don't work, because we *have* tried them.

☐ It would have been politically unfashionable for Jane Fonda's latest line of workout clothes to be made in a foreign sweatshop, so Hanoi Jane insisted

The Train Has Left the Station

Senate Republicans, gritting their teeth,
Slithered the snickersnee out of its sheath;
Then, as the Democrats wondered what gives,
Hammered the deficit right where it lives.

W. H. von Dreele

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHEN PRESIDENT REAGAN got back to his desk after Labor Day, he was faced with a legislative agenda that was out of control. South Africa, protectionist demands, the farm crisis, deficit/debt-ceiling trauma, and his beloved tax reform (which he continues to favor, while everyone else has pretty much written it off)—all had sprouted wildly, like some unattended and luxuriant tropical garden. To its credit, the White House staff immediately went into high gear and winnowed out the agenda, moving with the power of a giant threshing machine.

On South Africa, the President seized the offensive by reversing his anti-sanction position and proposing restrictions himself, limited ones but of sufficient symbolic character to siphon off the hotter elements of congressional indignation. Next came protectionism: Treasury Secretary James Baker called an unexpected meeting of the finance ministers of five major industrialized nations at New York's Plaza Hotel and formulated a scheme to devalue our currency, one that has worked thus far. Then the President got into the trade act by pledging the nearest thing to an export subsidy, namely $300 million from the Treasury in support of a billion dollars in mixed credit loans to make up for U.S. business losses to trading partners who benefit from what, in effect, are subsidies from their own governments. Incredibly, you can already feel the protectionist balloon deflating as Congress turns its attention to the deficit and debt ceiling.

This was the prospect the Democrats had been salivating over for months, namely, the moment when the Republicans would, one by one, be forced to vote in favor of raising the debt ceiling to $2 trillion during the Administration of a leader who is a fiscal conservative. Democrats would view the spectacle with operatic alarm. Now, thanks to Republican Senators Phil Gramm and Warren Rudman, and South Carolina Democrat Fritz Hollings, the situation has been turned inside out, and the Democrats are in retreat. "They've been had," boasts a senior White House aide, "and they don't know how to get themselves unhad." Instead of the national debt and the deficit as focal points for the national media, it's the reluctance of Democrats to support thrift legislation that has captured public notice, as Democrats one by one vote against budget-cutting measures associated with the Gramm/Rudman/Hollings amendment.

This amendment, to be attached to federal debt-ceiling legislation, and fashioned almost wholly by Phil Gramm, would put spine into the congressional budget process by slashing deficits in equal amounts and stages for five years so as to reach zero by the end of that period. If Congress fails to meet the deficit target for any given year, the amendment empowers the President to do the cutting himself, across the board, excluding Social Security. There are obvious pitfalls in this imperfect legislation, but its pluses, fiscal and political, probably outweigh its minuses.

As it turns out, Mr. Reagan had independently sketched a five-to-zero deficit-reduction plan of his own while at the ranch during August. On his return to Washington, he huddled with Don Regan, OMB Deputy Director Joe Wright, and Regan's deputy, Dennis Thomas, telling them to fine-tune the plan. "Then we got married up to Gramm," notes a senior White House aide, and from this wedlock was born the idea that is now marching around Capitol Hill like a little boy with a drum, capturing everyone's attention. The effects could last through the 1986 elections.

The Geneva summit, starring Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev (November 19-20), is raising excitement in the nation's capital to a fever pitch. Among those in the know, there is what Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Richard Lugar terms "a healthy skepticism," which translates as, "It's great that the superpower leaders are meeting, but don't be surprised if nothing much happens." Senator Lugar will accompany other members of the Senate Arms Control Observer Group to Geneva, where he and at least four of his colleagues, Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.), Sam Nunn (D., Ga.), Ted Stevens (R., Alaska), and John Warner (R., Va.), will observe some of the arms talks and possibly learn more about the specifics of the Soviet proposals.

With a handful of seasoned senators getting hands-on education in Geneva, Mr. Reagan stands to have a good idea of what Mr. Gorbachev will have up his sleeve for the summit. Two consensus opinions on the superpower meeting are now taking shape here: 1) The Soviets are actually serious about negotiating (as opposed to just agitpropagandizing, as in the past) because they want a respite from exorbitant military spending. 2) Don't expect much real arms control/reduction movement until after the 27th Communist Party Congress next February, at which Gorbachev is expected to consolidate his power. —CATO

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that her leotards and warmup suits be made by all-American union labor. That pushed the price of a sweatshirt up to $40, which was more than customers cared to spend, and helped bankrupt Capri Beachwear, the five-hundred-employee firm that marketed the togs. But capitalist-roader Fonda came out all right. The deal she made (7 per cent of total sales) netted her a few big ones.

☐ Wedding bells will soon be ringing at St. Elizabeth's Hospital for John Hinckley Jr. and fellow patient Leslie DeVeau. The bride to be, who is in the hospital's maximum-security ward for shooting her young daughter to death, seems to have taken John's mind off actress Jodie Foster. Although no date has been set, word is they are crazy about each other.

☐ Lest you lament the passing of medieval scholasticism, the IRS has ruled that spears, spear guns, and landing nets for fishing are subject to excise taxes, but casting nets are not.

☐ Let's see. You can't discriminate against AIDS victims, but restaurants have to have special sections for

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nonsmokers. Query: Can you move to another table if you're sitting next to an AIDS victim who wants to light up?

UN Political Calculus

SCARCELY HAD King Hussein of Jordan left Washington after generally upbeat discussions and offers of negotiations with the Israelis, when an Israeli retaliatory attack on PLO installations in Tunis—a daring 1,500-mile strike with U.S.-made F-15s—cast a pall over the entire Middle East diplomatic picture and raised far-reaching questions about the role played by the Security Council of the United Nations.

The Israelis said that the raid on Tunis, which killed about sixty Palestinians and a dozen Tunisians, was carried out in retaliation for a number of recent PLO attacks against Israeli civilians, which had killed about twenty people. The Israelis had captured two boatloads of Palestinians of the terrorist Force 17 as they tried to slip into Israel to murder civilians, and these prisoners identified as Force 17 comrades members of the PLO being held on Cyprus for the murder of Israelis. Israel struck back quickly and hard.

Dilemma time. The Israeli strike, which was close to surgical, operated on principles that have been frequently articulated—but never implemented—by the Reagan Administration. At first the President approved of it, then reversed himself.

The trouble is that Tunisia is a friendly state that accepts Israel's existence and had accommodated the PLO members—after a humanitarian plea from Washington—as the Israelis routed them in Lebanon.

Enter the United Nations Security Council, thump, thump, thump. At a time when U.S. interests required finely tuned quiet diplomacy, the Security Council crudely blunted the options and voted 14 to 0 to condemn Israel. The U.S. abstained.

The U.S. found itself in an impossible position. If it voted to condemn the Israelis, it would have been voting against its own often-declared policy of retaliating for terrorist atrocities. If it vetoed the condemnation, the result might have been the overthrow of the friendly Tunisian government and widening Middle East chaos. The U.S. abstained, which was about all it could do, but in the process it pleased not a soul.

And this raises a key question. These dramatic UN votes are mostly political boiler-plate but can, as in this case, undermine U.S. diplomacy, which might quietly have repaired the damage. But why should we let the UN have the power thus to injure us?

A way out is suggested by the emerging U.S. policy of withdrawing from the jurisdiction of the World Court on political matters. This would accord with the position of most Western European nations, as well as the Soviet Union. One possibility would be that we vote only to veto in the Security Council, when some resolution affects our interests, but announce, and stick to, a policy of casting no other votes there at all.

When, however, is someone going to retaliate for the murdered sailor Robert Stethem, when for the murdered Marines in Beirut, when for the murdered Soviet diplomat Arkady Katakov? Except from the Israelis, how long (O, Catiline!) are the terrorists going to get a free ride? Naturally, inevitably, we now have escalation, with the hijacking of the *Achille Lauro*.

The Quality of Mercy

If you can drop a tear (I can't)
For New York bankers forced to grant
More loans to deadbeat nations they
Once rated with an A-OK,
You may amass amazing grace,
But I'll wave from the Other Place.

W. H. VON DREELE

Please Do Not Adjust the Vertical

THE KEY to understanding the split in Congress over tax reform is to realize that the Reagan plan increases "horizontal equity" while leaving "vertical equity" unchanged. "Horizontal equity" means the extent to which two taxpayers with similar standards of living pay similar tax rates, even if the first works in a Michigan bank, owns a condo, and is married, while the second works in a Texas steel mill, rents a house, and lives with a Significant Other. "Vertical equity" means (to liberals) redistributing more money from high earners to low earners.

As it happens, there is a consensus between reformers of Left and Right that horizontal inequity is not only unfair but inefficient; distributing the revenue burden more evenly will enable the economic horse to run faster. The Reagan plan is well crafted to improve matters in this respect, which accounts for its surprisingly broad backing among well-informed editors of political colorations varying from supply-side to neoliberal.

No such consensus has formed, however, with respect to what is called vertical equity. Whether redistribution is a moral good or a moral bad, whether the current amount of redistribution from rich to poor is too much or too little, whether a faster rate of redistribution would speed up or slow down the econ-

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omy, are all matters of hot dispute. The Reagan plan essentially sidesteps this debate; every income bracket would go on making about the same proportional contribution to income-tax revenue, except for the poorest bracket, which would be exempted from the little tax it now pays.

Two groups of viewers are currently dissatisfied with these attempts to fiddle with the knobs that determine the tax picture. One would prefer not to adjust the horizontal; it benefits from the current deductions and exemptions. It is easy to dismiss these complainants as "special interests," but we should appreciate that many of them have arranged their affairs in reasonable reliance on the current tax system, and that wiping out those long-sunk investments will not necessarily achieve horizontal equity for this generation, though it may for the next. Understanding their plight, of course, does not mean that we should give them the right to veto productive reform.

The other dissatisfied group consists of those who would prefer to adjust the vertical. The noisiest group wants the House Democrats to rally behind a "soak-the-rich" bill, ending all chance of an alliance with conservative reformers. At the other end of the spectrum, many conservatives quite naturally wonder why President Reagan has appeared to ignore his own past critiques of the graduated tax and is instead pushing a tax reform that would leave the current level of redistribution more or less untouched. Although neither of these dissident camps stands much chance of seeing its vertical recommendations enacted soon, both endanger the fragile liberal/conservative coalition that still has a good chance of enacting the Reagan plan, or something like it. So the best advice for the moment is: Stay tuned and don't touch that dial.

AIDS, Nature, And the Nature of AIDS

AIDS HAS created a new journalistic genre: the sufferings of the AIDS victim. A young man is introduced, who has 12, six, three months to live. There are descriptions of his symptoms, his mood (variable), and his prospects (nil). Spliced into the account are tributes to his talents and to his human qualities, so soon to be extinguished. There may be some discussion of the larger issues involved (invariably as they are framed by the homosexual establishment: Why haven't doctors or the government done more? Who is to blame?). But the focus is on the individual sufferer.

Such stories are affecting, for the subject of an untimely and wasting death must excite sympathy. One thing, though, is typically left out—the culture of homosexual promiscuity in which the disease has flourished in this country. One account, in *New York* magazine, touched the subject almost unconsciously. The irony of the victim's plight, it was made clear, was that his sexual life had been particularly stable. He had had one lover for ten years; he had sown his wild oats. Except that, once a week, the two would spend the night apart.

Once a week every week is half a hundred partners —lovers seems hardly the word—a year. Ten years of that takes you halfway to Don Giovanni's *mil e tre*. In a heterosexual, that is promiscuous. And that is nothing compared to the tempo of the parks, the subway toilets, the bathhouses, where casual couplers might run through a dozen or more partners a day—the rate of prostitutes.

Many homosexuals, in the Seventies and early Eighties, had a conviction, amounting to a political dogma, that "freedom" could only be asserted through compulsive sexual license. That attitude is bitterly condemned by some homosexuals now, as the death tolls mount. But the phenomenon of promiscuity was more than the result of a conscious philosophy. Abnormal sex is, simply, normless. It was inevitable that the whole spectrum along which sexual activity was measured would be skewed. Particularly at a time when the culture encouraged heterosexuals to do their thing, what was there, in custom or nature, to prevent homosexuals from doing it in even greater excess?

Now the matter has gone beyond moral philosophy and into the newspapers, for nature is taking its revenge—on hemophiliacs, drug users, and (presently) the general population, as well as homosexuals. For nature's revenge is what it always is, when it does come—crude, excessive, and erratic.

Too Long a Fuse

IT'S ALWAYS risky to use the word *explosive* in talking about political scandal (memorable headline: JUDGE SITS ON EXPLOSIVE BEER CASE). But there's hardly any other way to describe a new report from the Washington Legal Foundation about that rogue-elephant agency, the Legal Services Corporation (LSC).

Charmed, I'm Sure

The carpet was red, as required;
The sole and the lamb were divine;
The President savored the drama;
The Chairman repeated his line;
The scene would have gratified Louis;
The talk was a decorous din,
And nobody winced when reminded
Afghanistan couldn't tune in.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The report is based on documents written by lefty insiders during their 1980–81 "survival campaign" to defeat Reagan budget cuts and keep the program out of Reaganite hands. Many such documents were destroyed or removed in a coverup attempt, but enough survived to piece together quite a story:

—National, state, and regional coalitions to lobby for LSC funding were funded by the agency and staffed by its full-time employees.

—When LSC programs solicit political support from "the League of Women Voters, the NAACP, the elderly groups," according to one memo, "you've got to write the letters [to congressmen] for them. . . . All we want are a majority of votes in the House and Senate. That's all we ever think about. . . ." The author of that one was the assistant director of the LSC's office of government relations, who later moved over to Senator Metzenbaum's staff to oversee the agency.

—One way to "support the informal networks which are particularly linked to the central ideologies of the legal-services movement," according to another memo, was to funnel money to sympathetic organizations not accountable to Reagan appointees. This ploy "could effectively support an informal government in exile . . ." This was the strategy adopted.

—"What all of us ultimately care about, what every single [federally funded LSC] support center cares about ultimately, is meaningful welfare reform, and a meaningful redistribution of wealth and income in this country."

—At a time of record LSC budgets, local offices in some cities were turning away all new clients so as to devote staff time to the survival campaign—while piously blaming Reagan budget cuts for their inability to serve clients.

—Rhode Island Legal Services filed a grant proposal boasting of a demonstration "indicting Reagan for his crimes." It got funded.

—In Massachusetts, "The 'No on Proposition 2½' campaign was a statewide effort with much involvement of legal-services local offices, labor-union leadership, and rank-and-file members." A $61,000 grant was earmarked to defeat a California ballot proposal in 1980. Legal Services also fought tax initiatives in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Washington, Iowa, and Florida.

—"As you know, Marshall Cohen of Pine Tree Legal Assistance Inc. [of Maine] has worked hand in glove with the state AFL-CIO for as long as he has directed the legislative office. According to Marshall, the legislative office has worked closely with organized labor on many issues including tax reform, unemployment compensation (the LSC office drafts the bills for the AFL-CIO), runaway shops, minimum wages . . ."

Since all these forms of lobbying are illegal, you may wonder why they weren't stopped long ago. The answer is that under the LSC charter only Congress (which means Senator Metzenbaum and his colleagues) can call the corporation to task for illegalities. It is amusing that although legal-services lawyers spend much of their time suing government bodies to end what they describe as official illegality, they have arranged for themselves a rare exception to the usual rule.

Another document describes the philosophy that underlies much of the program: "The object of practicing poverty law must be to organize poor people, rather than to solve their legal problems . . . service to individual clients is provided only as a means of winning the confidence of the poor community and for learning about the problems faced by poor persons." In fact, trying to resolve a grievance by going through accepted legal channels is dangerous to the activist precisely because it might work; if the government moves to redress the complaint, "the organization loses control of the issue."

Those familiar with urban politics know that these quotes embody the Alinsky style of "community organizing," which combines manipulation of low-income supporters with personal harassment of high-income opponents. Nailing a rat to an alderman's door was cited as a successful and enjoyable action in one LSC manual. Less dramatically, demanding the logs of TV stations was recommended as "a charming harassment technique." In litigation, "the way to cause pressure on [a corporation's] in-house counsel is to bring actions in out-of-the-way places (make them travel) or generate a lot of action (make them work hard to keep up) . . . Always work with the group to find handles to increase the costs." Other passages explain how to evade the rules of "discovery" so as to make public an opponent's in-house data, how to intimidate witnesses at depositions, how to demonstrate in various illegal ways, and how to raise bail when arrested. The American Bar Association, which supports the LSC as a jobs-for-lawyers program, ought to be interested in the philosophy of legal ethics that emerges here.

The Farrakhan Formula

LOUIS FARRAKHAN generates so much noise that it is hard to hear what he is saying. Formally, he is the head of a Black Muslim sect called Nation of Islam, as well as the founder of a black self-help project that has received a $5-million "loan" from Muammar el-Qaddafi. What makes him explosive, of course, is his attacks on the Jews, which always upstage whatever else it is he's saying.

Lately Farrakhan has been going around the country, filling sports arenas in Los Angeles, Baltimore, and Washington with roaring crowds of blacks. Jewish leaders at every stop have urged black leaders to denounce him, but with strangely little success. The

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fact is that the traditional black "leaders" don't have a following anything like Farrakhan's, and they're afraid to take him on. Try to imagine Ben Hooks or Vernon Jordan filling the Los Angeles Forum, and you understand why.

Farrakhan may sound reckless, but he's not. He knows that Jew-baiting is a powerful technique, a way of playing chicken with the old-line blacks who have been beholden to Jewish support. Anyone who attacks him is likely to be seen by other blacks as a flunky of The Jews. He has made himself a litmus test of black virility. The two most prominent blacks in American politics, Tom Bradley and Jesse Jackson, have shied away from attacking him, despite tremendous pressure to do so. They know the price they would pay.

Typical feeling among blacks is expressed by a local NAACP official in California. "The black leadership, and rightly so, is not interested in being dictated to by the Jewish leadership as to when and if they repudiate Louis Farrakhan. There is a strong sentiment in the black community and among the black leadership that the Jewish community has had too much dominance, influence, and control. The First Amendment applies as much to Louis Farrakhan as to anybody else."

To a great extent, in other words, Farrakhan now *is* the black leadership—the cutting edge, the storm center, the presence against which others are measured. Visible Jewish pressure against him is likely to be self-defeating. When the news broke that Farrakhan had rented Madison Square Garden for a rally on October 7, Mayor Ed Koch made headlines by saying that Jews should avoid giving him publicity. Farrakhan has plainly found a winning formula. Jew-baiting remains a curious refuge for those who have nothing worthwhile to say.

The Ferraro Problem

WHEN Representative Geraldine Ferraro was nominated for Vice President, a certain charge of electricity went through the nation. A woman on a major party's national ticket was a historical first, and initially Mrs. Ferraro came across as an attractive personality, though her opinions on the issues, if any, were largely inscrutable. After the nomination, it was all downhill for Mrs. Ferraro, and polling indicated that she detracted from, rather than added to, Mondale's electoral strength.

Her forthcoming book, *Ferraro: My Story*, of which a lengthy excerpt appears in the October 7 *Newsweek*, casts a garish light upon the reasons why she was even less appealing to the voters than Mondale.

For example, after her nomination she got together with Mondale and his campaign staff. She was shown charts indicating where she would be and when during the campaign. The next day, she confronted Fritz: "They're not used to dealing with a woman, but they're going to have to learn. . . . To help them along, let me suggest that until they can get used to recognizing I'm a partner in this thing, they should pretend every time they talk to me or even look at me that I'm a grey-haired Southern gentleman, a senator from Texas."

Naturally, "Fritz seemed surprised." Mrs. Ferraro seemed to think that vice presidential candidates have a serious say in the overall strategy of a presidential campaign, and blamed Mondale's staff for not knowing how to deal with "a woman." As if Spiro Agnew had any say in the planning of the 1968 campaign. As if Mondale himself had helped plan the 1976 campaign, with Carter at the top of the ticket.

But the Ferraro phenomenon goes far beyond mere provincialism and chip-on-the-shoulder ignorance.

When she comes to the matter of her husband's conservatorship, she insults the intelligence of her readers. John Zaccaro, you will recall, had issued himself a large loan from the estate of an 84-year-old woman, a Mrs. Phelan, for whom he was the court-appointed financial guardian, or conservator.

Mrs. Ferraro writes as if this were a sort of technical violation. "I was stunned to learn about the loans, and a court hearing that had been ordered. 'Harold Farrell told me it was perfectly legal to borrow the money for business and that in fact the loan would make more money for the estate,' John told me. 'He was a lawyer so I took his advice.' " Mrs. Ferraro explains that Farrell at that point was no longer a lawyer (he had been disbarred) and implies that the wicked Farrell was the source of Zaccaro's problem.

Oh, c'mon. Your ten-year-old daughter would know that it is wrong to borrow money from someone else's estate when you are supposed to be administering it. And neither Zaccaro nor Ferraro is ten years old. In fact, when the court hearing on the matter took place, Zaccaro was severely reprimanded, and the Phelan estate was removed from his care.

On almost every page of this autobiography there is a breathtaking coarseness. The book sounds like the product of someone who, having cashed in on her sex, went on to cash in on TV commercials, and a ghosted autobiography.

Fascist Heroes Of the Holocaust

BEFORE 1985 and all its forty-year commemorations of the end of World War II pass into history, some tribute should be paid to two of the great benefactors of European Jews—Portugal and Spain.

Aristides de Souza Mendes was the Portuguese consul general in Bordeaux, where France moved the seat

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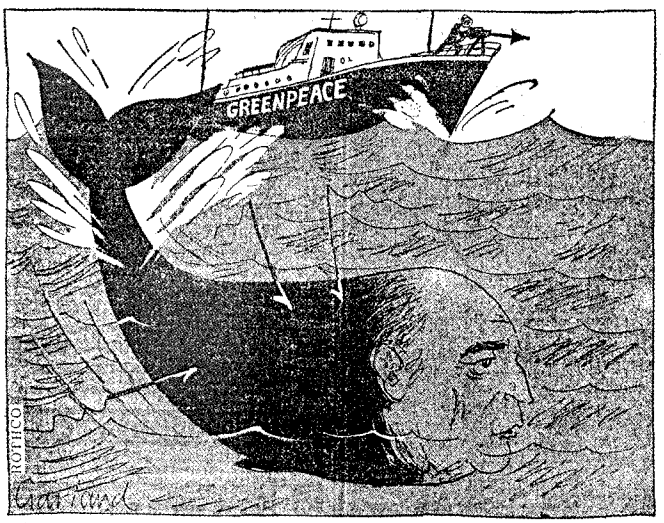
of its collapsing government in June 1940, and where a mass of fleeing Jews sought passage across the Pyrenees. Mendes set up a coffee table in the consulate and sat issuing Portuguese visas, stopping only to eat and sleep. In three days, he provided ten thousand.

Mendes had acted contrary to his instructions, and was recalled to Lisbon and fired. Spanish efforts on behalf of Jews, by contrast, had full official sanction. Spain let Jewish refugees sit out the war in Spanish barracks. Spanish diplomats also issued thousands of visas to Jewish refugees in Switzerland, Morocco, Greece, and Hungary, on the slimmest pretexts (Sephardic Jews, whose ancestors had been expelled from Spain in 1492, were considered Spanish citizens), or on no pretext at all. Chaim Lipschitz, an Orthodox rabbi, has concluded in a recent book—*Franco, Spain, the Jews, and the Holocaust*—that Spain's efforts saved 45,000 lives.

They got no thanks. Israel opposed Spain's first try to join the United Nations in 1949 (Spain, Israel declared at the time, being the "only survivor" of the "Nazi-Fascist" coalition). Mendes was honored in the Israeli Holocaust memorial at Yad Vashem, but he died in Lisbon broke and unemployed. The world's indifference was an aftereffect of sweeping wartime, and pre-war, generalizations—that Jews have no enemies to the left, and no friends to the right; that the war was a wholesome anti-fascist crusade—along which simple spectrum all judgments of good and evil could be plotted. We have grown wiser, some of us. More than fifty thousand lives were saved by assorted "fascists," and the dead deserve justice.

T. E. Kalem, RIP

THE PASSING of Ted Kalem, *Time*'s drama critic since 1961, went almost unremarked even in the pages of *Time*, as if the magazine were trying to pretend that an era hadn't ended. It had. Kalem succeeded Louis Kronenberger in the job, and worthily sustained Henry Luce's vision of a mass magazine that would elevate popular taste rather than pander to it.



Garland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

He was born Theodoros Efstathios Kalemkierides, son of a Greek immigrant, and grew up in Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard in 1942 and served in the Pacific (winning a Bronze Star) before joining *Time* as a book reviewer. He adored the theater, especially the Greeks and Shakespeare, in a manner as unaffected as it was intimate, and he was death on gimmicky productions of the classics. If you think Shakespeare needs your cleverness to make him bearable, he reasoned, you probably shouldn't be doing Shakespeare.

Kalem was American in the same way Cole Porter and Raymond Chandler were American—earthy and polished at the same time, aware of Europe without aping it, interested in new fashions without being enslaved to them. He had both a lively wit and a strong sense of the permanent; in him they were two sides of the same thing. —JOSEPH SOBRAN

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. Bert Lippman's outrageous characterization ["Notes & Asides," Sept. 6] of Otto Jesperson as "the greatest of modern grammarians of English" must not go unchallenged.

A grammatical historian Jesperson is, but hardly a grammarian. Jesperson's defense of the fused participle on the grounds of its having "for centuries been accepted by everybody" illustrates the difference between those two terms. Fowler demolishes him with, "I confess to attaching more importance to my instinctive repugnance for *without you being* than to Professor Jesperson's demonstration that it has been said by more respectable authors than I had supposed."

Very truly yours,
J. F. Moloney
Etowah, N.C.

Dear Mr. Moloney: Lippman really is impossible, isn't he? Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear WFB:

Stanley L. Jaki ["On Whose Side Is History?" Aug. 23] says of Einstein that he ". . . admitted that his science was lending itself to an art in which Catholic priests have long excelled: the art of natural theology, of constructing rational proofs for the existence of God . . ."

The inconvenient other side to that is: Roman Catholic priests have, at least since 1014 A.D., begun their

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Hello, Russian Foreign Office? See here old chap, couldn't we avoid all this unpleasantness in the future by making it obligatory that all embassy staff be spies?
Foreign Office
23 EXPELLED FROM EMBASSY
doll
Doll, Dublin / Rothco

constructions with the heretical premise that the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father *and from the Son.*

All "rational proofs" based upon a false premise must lead to a false conclusion. It might be interesting to see how many and of what sort these constructions are, since notions of God, man, nature, and the nature of society have been drawn from the *filioque.*

Father Andrew L. J. James
Holy Cross Eastern Orthodox Church
Athens, Ohio

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My contribution to your search [for the meaning of rock music] is the enclosed quote from Plato, which you have read but perhaps forgotten. Surely rock has insinuated itself into our manners and customs, and surely something eats at our laws and constitution. I am not ready to believe, yet at least, that this new kind of music will end by overturning everything. I will keep an open mind, however.

Good digging,
Arthur R. Barnett
McLean, Va.

"The introduction of a new kind of music must be shunned as imperiling the whole state, for styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions. . . . The new style, gradually gaining a lodgment, quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs, and from these it . . . goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overturning everything." —*Republic* 424

Dear Mr. Barnett: Plato was certainly precocious, what?
Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear William:

Summum in 1975 started to re-establish a new Atlantian era. Summum started by presenting the Atlantian teachings of the origin of creation.

Summum went on to prepare the way by creating the Summum Nectar Publications, to allow the aspirants to drink the Nectars of the Gods.

Summum now is creating Mummiforms, similar to King Tutankhamum's, for the process of Mummification. Mummification stops reincarnation, and transforms those initiates who are mummified into a higher form, in evolution. Just as a caterpillar is transformed into a butterfly, those souls are doubled in mummification, who are found clear, at the weighing of the heart ceremony, in mummification.

Summum, and the mummification rites, can prevent, for you who are special, the desecration of your bodies. The government has allowed the states to allow the state medical examiners to take your body and use the parts out of it for many different purposes. They cut the back of your skull off and take out your pituitary gland and sell it to laboratories for the hormones in it. They sometimes take your eyes and other organs and sell them for the hormones or chemicals in them. The morticians and embalmers many times remove your teeth for the gold in them. This desecration of your body is not necessary.

We invite you to have us explain the uniqueness of mummification and the preservation of your body through eternity.

Sincerely,
Summum Bonum Amon Ra
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mr. Ra: But they are welcome to my eyes, organs, hormones, and chemicals. And they won't be allowed to use the gold in my teeth, because it is all taken from Krugerrands. But many thanks anyway.
Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

This item recently appeared on page 1 of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

COLLEGE ENROLLMENT DOWN AMONG BLACKS

BOSTON—Black college enrollment has dropped over the last five years despite civil-rights gains of the past, educators said in a report released yesterday.

It's a problem for all, one educator said, because if minority students failed to receive education preparing them for good jobs, they won't earn the money to pay Social Security taxes the older, white population needs for retirement.

—From staff and news-service reports

I wonder if the copy editor who let this into print will designate any particular ethnic group to pay the taxes he'll need for his welfare check if his current employer ever takes note of the quality of his work?

Faithfully,
Lee Mares
Ridgecrest, Calif.
—WFB

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BENNETT THE BOLD

SECRETARY OF EDUCATION William J. Bennett is not your typical Cabinet officer. He is young, has fresh ideas, and is not afraid to speak out.

A PhD (philosophy) and a lawyer, Mr. Bennett has been pushing indefatigably for educational reforms since his unanimous confirmation last February, and he finds himself battling the nation's public-school establishment as a consequence.

The United States spends a larger percentage of its GNP (8.5 per cent) on education than any other industrialized nation (Japan spends 5.5 per cent; West Germany, 4.5 per cent; Canada, 7.9 per cent). "We're not getting enough bang for our buck," Bennett asserts. The Federal Government, Bennett believes, should stay out of the day-to-day operations of the schools and set policy guidelines only. Bennett calls his agenda for American education "The Three C's—Content, Character, and Choice." He is committed to transforming the nation's public schools into institutions of rigorous learning and unabashed character building, where pluralistic option is the rule, not monolithic regimentation.

The Education Department's legislative agenda currently calls for more local control over bilingual-education funds, encouraging schools to use an "English-first" strategy for teaching non-English-speaking students, a radical departure from existing programs that stress the student's native language. Bennett has drawn support for this proposal from unexpected sources (like the *Washington Post*) as well as predictable ones. "Bilingual education has been an unsatisfactory experiment," says Gerda Bikales, executive director of U.S. English, a Washington association lobbying for a constitutional amendment to make English this country's official language. "It's time for a change, and Secretary Bennett's ideas are a step in the right direction."

Federal tuition tax credits also enlarge parents' choices. Mothers and fathers are entitled to "some small relief from the burden of having to pay the cost of public and non-public education," Bennett says. Since many in Congress regard such tax credits as a federal subsidy of private education, Bennett faces uphill resistance.

The voucher system is another Bennett darling, more realistic legislatively, which would allow parents of children who have physical or learning impairments to send them to private schools that best meet their special needs. Lower- and middle-class families would thereby enjoy options now available only to the affluent, Bennett contends.

Bennett is at the center of the emotionally charged school-prayer debate. He weighs in behind Ronald Reagan's amendment that would give children the right to pray during the school day, arguing that "prayer in public places other than schools has never been in violation of the Constitution." In a speech two months ago before the Knights of Columbus, Bennett warned of "a new aversion to religion" in our schools, which manifests itself politically "in the guise of constitutional interpretation." Bennett laid it on the line: "The same Constitution that had protected the rights of religious parents and under whose aegis a host of religions had found happy accommodation," has now become "the instrument for nothing less than a kind of ghettoizing of religion." Bennett then framed the exact issue: "Neutrality to religion turns out to bring with it neutrality to those values that issue from religion. . . . We now face a new source of divisiveness: The assault of secularism on religion."

When Bennett first took office six months ago, his wit—academic, sardonic, and impolitic—got him into trouble. Are college students unable to pay their tuition? Let them "liberate" themselves from Fort Lauderdale spring vacations, and re-budget for their education bill, teased Bennett. In March, some highly placed Reaganites wondered whether the rumpled, youngest member of the Cabinet would "simmer down." Bennett did, and the current verdict on him from inside the White House is an almost unqualified thumbs up. At Cabinet meetings, Bennett and Ed Meese are frequently the only two who speak up in defense of social policy, helping apathetic Cabinet members screw up their courage.

BENNETT'S HUMOR, too, while mellower, maintains its edge and point. Speaking about the Supreme Court's "utter chaos" concerning the establishment clause and its application, Bennett says: "Aid for parochial-school textbooks is fine; aid for school supplies such as maps is not. Bus transportation to and from school can be provided for parochial-school students, but bus transportation to and from field trips cannot be provided. State money can pay for standardized tests in parochial schools, but not for teacher-made tests." He concludes by quoting Senator Moynihan: "What do you do with a map that's in a textbook?"

In six short months, William Bennett has surfaced as one of the better theoreticians of the conservative movement, especially on the social and cultural fronts. Bennett's grit and intrepidity give him leadership cachet. While he wants to know in advance whether any given position will be controversial, and where the hard places will come, that knowledge never seems to deter him from pressing on once he sees that the action is principled and correct. Some believe that constitutionally Bennett is a president of a large university. Others think that with a bit of grooming, up-front experience, and continued exposure to Potomac fever he may have the making of a politician. There are worse corruptions. □

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EVIL IMPERIAL PROVINCE

THE WHOLE world knows there is famine in Ethiopia, but few other facts ever reach the world about this outer province of the "evil empire." A remarkably detailed account has reached me from a high-level Ethiopian defector, the highlights of which I now share with *NR* readers.

The Communist dictator of Ethiopia, Mengistu Haile Mariam, seized power in a bloody coup on February 3, 1977, in the first of several such coups teleguided from Moscow (the others included Afghanistan's and South Yemen's). Already in 1977, Mengistu had started to organize political groups on a Marxist-Leninist basis under an umbrella body, the Union of Marxist-Leninist Organizations, which became the Commission for Organizing the Party of the Working People of Ethiopia. This in turn yielded last year to the Ethiopian Workers' Party (EWP).

According to my informant, the EWP has become a problem child for Mengistu, with the kind of factional infighting familiar to students of Communism. Some of Mengistu's supposed followers resent his attitudinizing and his adulation of the great and infallible guide of the Korean revolution, Kim Il-Sung. As "pure" Marxist-Leninists, they have set up their own underground organization, the EWP-Democratic Front.

Against this background, food prices soar. The staple food is called *teff*, a cereal grown at high altitudes, yielding Ethiopia's characteristic acidulated bread. One hundred kilos of the stuff now sells at the equivalent of $81, to provide a month's rations for a family of five in Addis Ababa. If this sounds reasonable, remember that the per-capita income in this youthful socialist paradise is less than $135 a year.

Of course there are "plans." There always are. The present plan is ambitious and foreshadows an annual growth of 6.5 per cent, with agriculture sprinting ahead at 4.5 per cent. In fact, since 1975 food production has increased by less than 2 per cent. So people starve.

According to my informant, the strongest of six main resistance groupings are the Eritrean People's Liberation Front (EPLF) and the Tigré People's Liberation Front (TPLF). There is much ideological confusion. The EPLF is long established and for some years was in receipt of Soviet aid when the main objective of Leninist expansion in the area was to topple the late Emperor Haile Selassie.

In 1977, when the regime of General Siad Barre in neighboring Somalia, at that time under the protection of Moscow, was misguided enough to launch a war against Ethiopia, the Soviets faced an agonizing choice. Sensibly, by their lights, they opted for the stronger and bigger of the warring neighbors. For their pains, they were expelled from Somalia. Soon, T-55 tanks, armored troop carriers, BM-21 multiple rocket launchers, and heavy artillery (155 mm. and 185 mm.) sealed the fate of the invading Somalis. A bit of brotherly aid from the Cubans helped, too; and Mengistu had his chance to seize power.

Unfortunately, if the EPLF ever succeeded in setting up an independent Eritrea, it might well be Marxist-Leninist, and would compete with the oppressive Ethiopians for Moscow's "friendship" and protection. To counter this dire possibility, the Saudis some time ago set up a rival body, the Eritrean National Council (ENC), but everybody agrees that it is not in the same league as the EPLF.

Moscow is aware of its inherent dilemmas and recently instructed its East European and South Yemen colonial parties to offer their mediation services to the Eritrean Front and Ethiopia's Dergue (an Amharic word meaning "committee," or, if you prefer, "soviet"), the ostensible governing council. Nothing came of these efforts.

As for the Tigré Liberation Front, as the name indicates, it operates in the Tigré province bordering Eritrea, and now controls the countryside and most towns, except Makale, the provincial capital, and Aksum, which is not only the biggest town but the historical center of orthodox Christianity. Mengistu also has to contend with four other resistance groups: the Ethiopian Peoples' Democratic Movement (EPDM), the Oromo Liberation Front (OLF), the Western Somalia Liberation Front (WSLF), and the Afar Liberation Front (ALF).

The EPDM seems to be the only multi-ethnic movement, and its membership comprises all persons who oppose the Mengistu regime and feel strongly enough to take up arms against it. My informant's view, however, is that the OLF is potentially the greatest threat to Mengistu, as the Oromo represent about 20 per cent of the entire population of Ethiopia, far more than any of the one hundred or more other linguistic groups in this complex country.

AS FOR the remaining resistance groups, the WSLF is now conducting sabotage and hit-and-run operations against the forces of the Dergue in the Ogaden, but is up against government air-force raids that restrict its access to supply routes. The ALF operates in a region bordering the (Francophone) Republic of Djibouti and with strong claims to autonomy.

In this complex situation, Mengistu has at least the proven asset of ruthless cruelty, with many thousands of tortured corpses to show for it. He can also blame the Eritreans and others for secessionist tendencies, threatening the historical unity of Ethiopia as the oldest sovereign country on the African continent. This may not be enough to save him. □

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Reagan and SOUTH AFRICA: The Case for URGENT UNDERSTANDING

Get the sjamboks *off the American television screens, droned the visitor to South Africa on and on. They are doing to your case what live coverage did to American support for South Vietnam in the war: killing it off.*

THE SJAMBOK is a solid whip-cane about three feet long, usually made of rhinocerous hide, and used by South African police in riot control. It hurts, but is no more punitive than the fine old American billy club, no more terrifying to experience as observer or victim than the snarling dogs and high-pressure hoses in the civil-rights disturbances in Alabama only yesterday.

But a whip on the shoulders of a crouching man is a hark-back, a most enraging evocation for the comfortably sensitive descendants of a slave-owning American bourgeoisie. South Africa is too open a society to cut off the television cameras, so the *sjamboks* ought to go, if foreign votes count, as they most certainly do and will, however crudely.

The republic of South Africa is now paying a high price for its imperfections, for whipping in the streets as for white supremacy in its history. Its white supremacy is now eroding into complex association, and its judges—remarkably, in a state compared by the mayor of New York City to Nazi Germany—are beginning to probe and proscribe the clear brutalities and alleged atrocities of its police.

But meantime South Africa is victim itself. Like South Vietnam, its violence is a television bonus. Unlike South Vietnam, it is suffering from a collusion between foreign newsmen and domestic newsmakers. There seems to be no record of the Vietcong staging fire fights for the benefit of major U.S. networks, but there is now a conviction in South African political and press circles that American and other foreign television crews are given ample warning—by the teenage rebels who now dominate the black townships—of riots staged as much for copy or casual killing as for protest.

Television coverage of the South African troubles in any event has become a foreign exercise in preclusive concentration. The rioting in the townships, the flailing with the *sjamboks*, the funeral as political demonstration, the clenching black fists and angry black faces, the less frequently filmed street cremation of black suspects by black mobs, the taunting young among the shanties, the armored cars of grim white men, and the extraordinary coverage given to the brave but rambling Bishop Desmond Tutu to the exclusion of the legions of black and colored and Indian and white commentators, who are at least as politically mature and representative as he—all form a composite and concentrated impression of South Africa that is as distorted as it is true.

South Africa is a most complicated place. It is partly at war, but it is still mainly at peace. It is hardly a nation, but rather a gathering of tribes who might yet come to common habitation. It is a place of autocracy so grounded in race as to rouse the anger of more unified peoples, yet so limited in its autocracy as to permit a flowering of dissent not matched in a majority of its critic countries. Indeed it mirrors in its tragedies and tensions most of the ailments of modern citizenship. It is a place to test the soul, not to exercise the pieties.

The simplistic treatment of South Africa by Western commentators, in print as in picture, comes close to historical deception. In particular, the American ignorance of South Africa's inherited gulfs and old convictions, not themselves amenable to the solutions or bromides of more comfortable societies, comes close to criminal neglect. Neglect, because the truth is easy to discover. Criminal, because our posturing and punishments are driving men and women of better deserts to the barricades.

The trouble with you in South Africa, the visitor prated on, is that you are small and distant, and easy for foreign saints and hypocrites to paint in simple black and white. Also, you have no oil.

Almost nobody likes apartheid any more, at least in South Africa. To find enthusiasts for oppression by race or caste one should go elsewhere: to the Soviet Union to find ethnic federalism far more rigid in its exclusion of minorities from real power than anything at present contemplated in South Africa; to India to observe a caste system far more resistant to attitudinal change than South African white supremacy; to Central and South America to discover white control more complete than South African control over breeds of other origin; or to almost anywhere in

Mr. Hutchinson, professor of industrial relations at the UCLA School of Management, recently spent a month in South Africa.

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Africa but South Africa to find tribal absolutism and genocide a hallowed institution.

Oil is a special dispensation. One does not speak in the same breath about South Africa and the oil-rich Middle Eastern states, where almost nobody has a vote of any importance, where women are instruments, and where hands and heads come off for anti-social behavior.

Such ironies do not seem to interest South Africa's critics, but they do not escape South African political

Autocracy so grounded in racism as to raise the anger of more unified peoples, yet so limited as to permit a flowering of dissent unknown among many of its critics

society—particularly white, and most particularly Afrikaner—now witness to an organic shift in the founding assumptions of the republic toward principles and institutions quite likely in the end—given time—to prove more representative than those of most of its enemies.

The morality of the matter, in wry South African judgment, is a function of ethnic proportions and raw materials. "If the United States had our black-white ratio instead of yours," the elder of the Conservative Party in Cape Town said, "and if we had oil and you didn't, the problems between the United States and South Africa would be solved before breakfast."

I have spent my entire pastoral life among black Africans, the gentlemanly white minister said. I have found among them some of the most civilized people on earth. But I have never found a detribalized African.

South Africa is a nation of tribes, black and white and colored and Indian, and black again and again. The white Europeans, some five million of them, are dominant in politics and economics, the Afrikaners (of Dutch and Huguenot descent) outnumbering those of British descent by two to one. The Afrikaners share eminence in the business world with the British, but are overwhelmingly in control of the armed forces and police. They are tenacious of their cultural heritage and autonomy beyond all doubt and unto almost any measure. The whites now share a tricameral parliament with some three million coloreds (of mixed black and white origin) and nearly a million Indians (descendants of plantation workers imported during the nineteenth century). They are collectively outnumbered by some 22 million blacks, who have no vote or parliamentary representation outside of their tribal homelands.

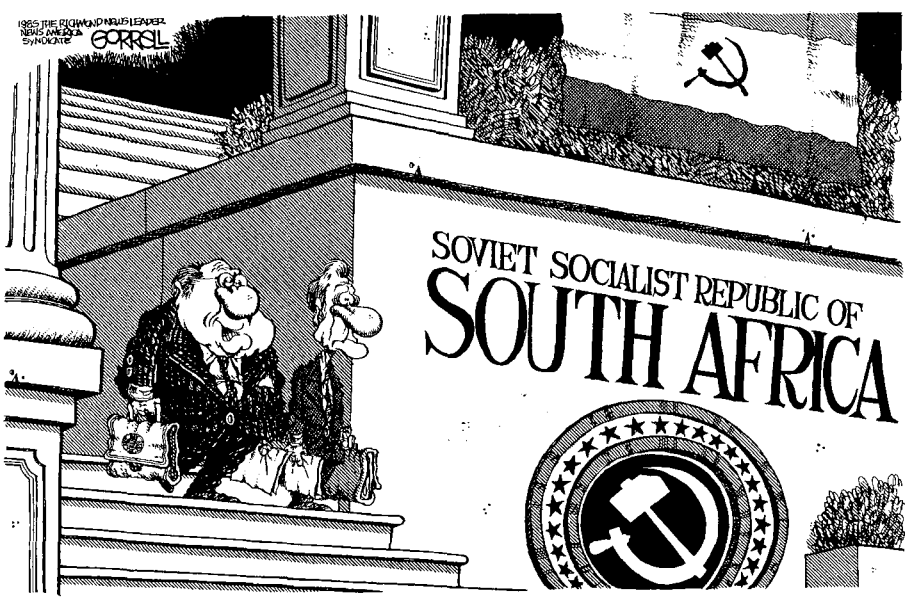
Nevertheless, one of the most facile and dangerous assumptions about South Africa is that there is a natural majority of blacks. The blacks are united only by pigment and in some of their political aspirations. Tribal consciousness and rivalries show up powerfully even against the background of opposition to apartheid. The rivalries may well be strong enough to prohibit the emergence of detribalized politics—precisely the problem that has afflicted so much of the continent. The greatest bloodshed in a slide to majority rule, say most non-black tribal spokesmen, would be caused by blacks slaying blacks in the struggle for tribal autonomy or supratribal control.

I am not interested in minority rights in South Africa, the black American politician said last summer. It is our turn.

However unrepresentative, such remarks confirm the worst fears of most non-black South Africans: black supremacy, then a swift shutdown of the international conscience, an easy transition from indignation to bemusement at brutality, boredom with constitutional government and due process, tolerance for body-burning and genocide, and, as always, Western satisfaction with duty half-completed.

What horrifies the moderates of all colors in South Africa is the extent to which black protest has gone out of control. The most prominent of African protest organizations is the African National Congress (ANC), Marxist-dominated, banned in South Africa, and quartered in Lusaka in Zambia. It was once a nonviolent organization, but is now committed to the overthrow of the South African government by violent (and, if necessary, indiscriminately violent) means. Internally there is the United Democratic Front, a group of some six hundred protest organizations formally committed to interracial cooperation but increasingly hard to differentiate from the ANC. There is a black-consciousness organization, the Azanian People's Organization (AZAPO), that rejects any cooperation with whites or other ethnic groups. Then there are several black trade-union federations of varying political disposition, but for the moment mainly concerned with organizing and bargaining. Until recently most observers assumed that most street demonstrations were under the control or sponsorship of one or the other of these organizations.

But not even the more radical of these groups can any



"So then we noticed that nobody ever demands political reforms from Russia. . . ."

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If you have ever come away from an argument feeling frustrated,

THIS IS THE BOOK FOR YOU!

Bill Rusher's act of treachery—giving away the house secrets—may make him rich and famous. At home, we will treat him like the Rosenbergs.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

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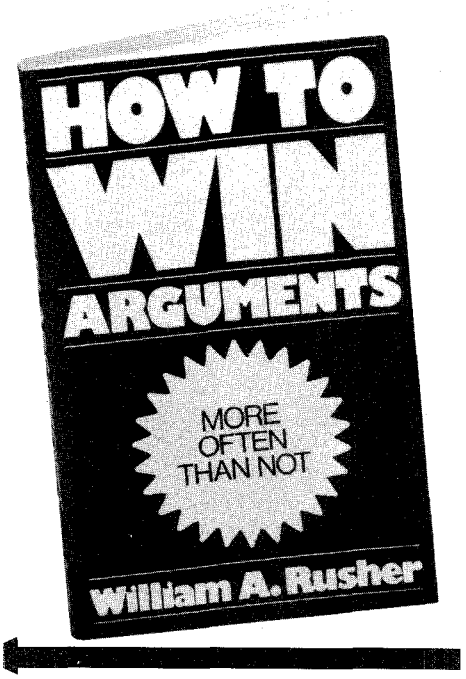

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Like it or not, you always find yourself getting into discussions and arguments; it seems impossible to avoid nowadays. Don't you really owe it to yourself to learn how to handle such situations—how to argue *and win*?

Sound difficult? Not when you have *How to Win Arguments* handy. This practical and highly entertaining book is by William A. Rusher (*National Review*'s publisher). Rusher, a professional arguer *par excellence*, is eminently qualified to show *you* how to do it well.

You've probably seen him in action on TV's *The Advocates*, *Good Morning America*, *Viewpoint*, or other shows, and marveled at his effectiveness. No one seems able to put him down. At the very least, he's going to give as good as he gets even when defending positions popularly assumed to be indefensible. Now, in *How to Win Arguments*, Rusher lets you in on the trade secrets and shows you how to acquire the skills and techniques necessary to hold your own in any argument or discussion.

This is not a treatise full of technical jargon—it's an enjoyable, informal guide to clear thinking. It covers all the basics from how to prepare for an argument and how to handle yourself under fire to how to allow for individual strengths and styles. There's even a fascinating chapter filled with advice from other expert debaters such as William F. Buckley, Jr., Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, John Kenneth Galbraith, and Phyllis Schlafly. As the book jacket says, it is indeed an ". . . entertaining and comprehensive guide to the techniques, rhetorical devices, and principles of successful argumentation." No argument there.

Right now, with this special offer, you have the opportunity to get this valuable book (a $9.75 retail value) absolutely FREE and postpaid. All you have to do is enter a subscription to *National Review* (or renew your current one, no matter when it expires) for one year at the regular $34 rate. Simply check your instructions on the handy card opposite and return it to us today. We'll send you your FREE copy of *How to Win Arguments* as fast as we can, and you'll start receiving NR hot off the press too. Offer is limited, so please act now.

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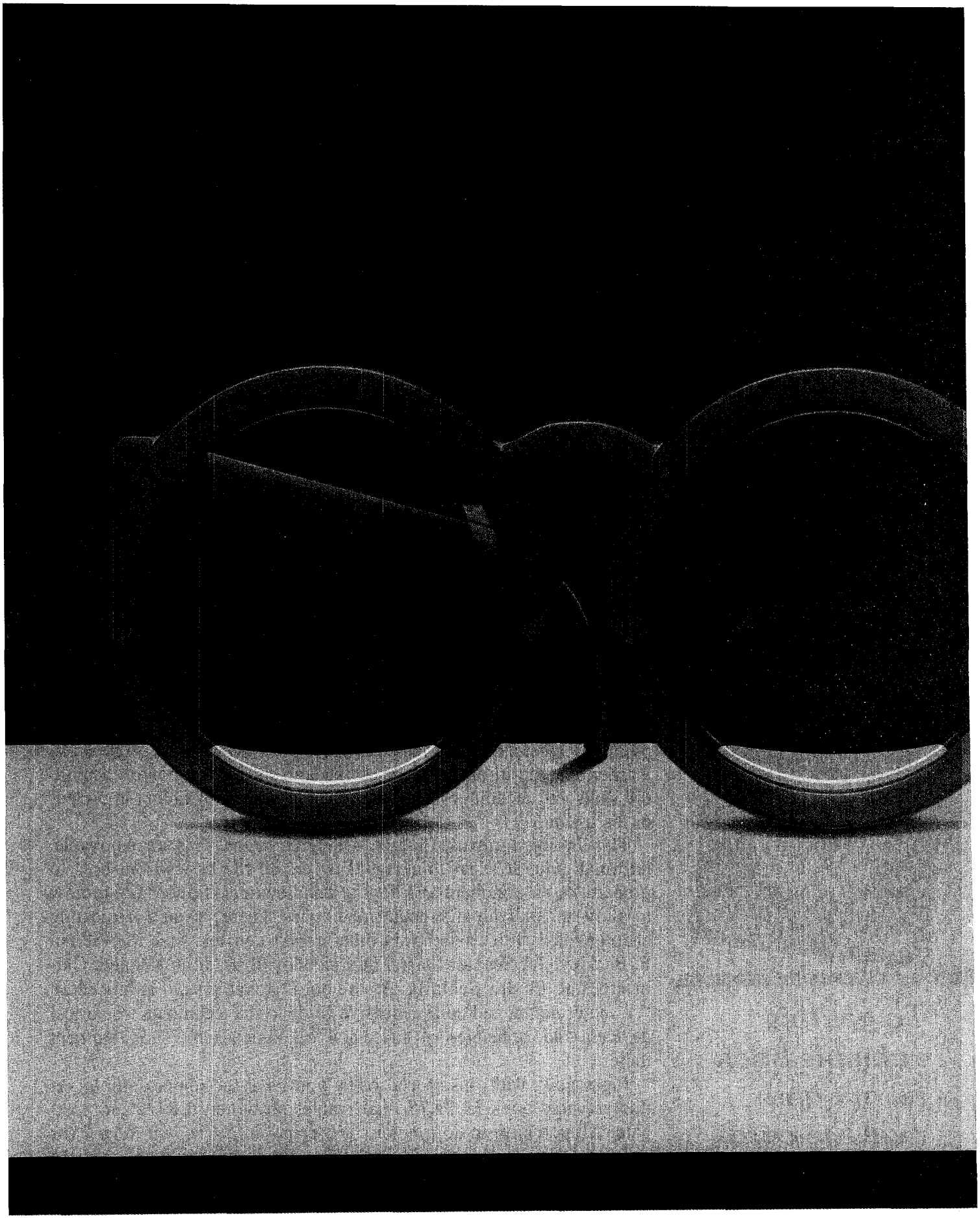

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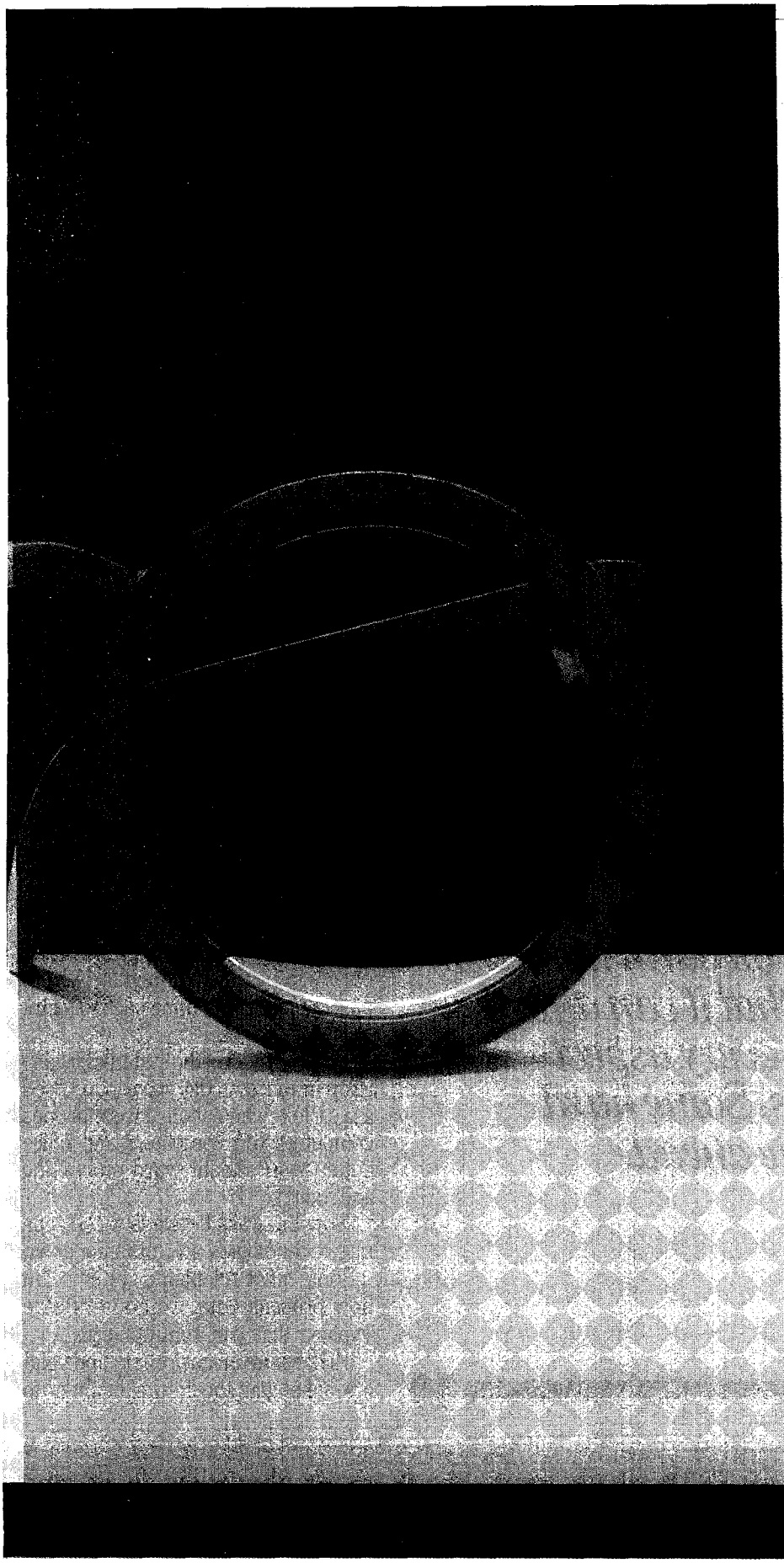

OFFICE AUTOMATION: HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

Sometime last year American business crossed a technological Rubicon. For the first time in our history, capital investment per office worker exceeded that per factory hand.

Like it or not, information has finally surpassed material goods as our basic resource.

Walter Wriston, ex-Citicorp chief, likens information to a new form of capital, one that is arguably "more critical to the future of the American economy than money capital."

Every day brings news of faster, smaller, more capable devices to serve the 70% of us who now work with this new form of capital.

But while the trend spotters on

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their mountaintops cheer this "Second Industrial Revolution," the view from the front lines is not so rosy.

Too often, new devices are an uneasy fit with their sister machines of just a year ago. Too often, systems intended to simplify office life have the opposite effect. Grouses one manager: "The more business machines we buy, the more we seem to need."

Change is rampant. The stakes are high. Confusion is king.

◇

RASCALS. The best way to make sense of all this technology may be to ignore the whole business for a week or so and think about how your office works instead.

Who uses what kind of information? Where does it come from? What do they do with it?

No company on earth has pockets so deep that it can afford to automate every aspect of its business. Some hard choices lie ahead.

Item: In a typical office, 75% of the salary dollars go to managers and professionals. The system that spares these expensive rascals from a morning meeting or an hour of returning phone calls may be a better investment than one that does a whole day's work for someone else.

Item: The lion's share of time spent in any office is spent *communicating:* listening, talking, chasing down stray facts, dealing with mail.

Were you to keep a log, you'd be appalled by how little time you have for actually producing "work." (Par for senior executives: about 15%.)

To leverage time, look for ways to *move* information more efficiently.

A desktop computer can perform in minutes the spreadsheet analyses that used to gobble hours. But how much is gained if the figures still walk from office to office in a mail cart?

Item: Streamlining the internal workings of your office may be less profitable than automating ties with customers or suppliers.

Japanese style "just in time" deliveries from suppliers are helping U.S. automakers slash inventory costs. Computerized flight information systems have given some airlines a strategic advantage with travel agents.

No company succeeds alone.

◇

BALANCE. Complicating the question of where your systems dollar is best spent is where you spent it last time out. And the time before that. A lot of past choices are coming back to haunt today's manager.

Reason: most of the systems clicking away in offices today were purchased a la carte – when phones were phones, computers were computers, and "office automation" meant word processing and copiers.

Now the walls between these separate technologies are tumbling down.

Some office telephone systems can now process data. Computers have evolved that can communicate.

It's dawning on customers and vendors alike that the future belongs to

No company on earth has pockets so deep that it can afford to automate every aspect of its business. Some hard choices lie ahead.

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> *Today's customer must strike a balance between making the most of what's on hand and fighting like crazy to keep next year's options open.*

the *integrated* business system.

Today's customer must strike a balance between making the most of what's on hand and fighting like crazy to keep next year's options open.

◇

MISSING LINKS. Between today's a la carte systems and the office-wide, integrated everything of tomorrow is . . . what?

For many companies, the missing links are *networks.* By permitting different kinds of computers and other devices to share information, networks can pull today's stand-alone business machines into organized "islands" of automation.

Since these islands themselves can be networked together, users can widen the scope of automation in an organization pretty much at will.

Some companies have the backbone of an *office-wide* network already in place. Today's digital telephone switching systems (PBXs) convert speech into the same "bits" and "bytes" that computers use.

This means that many an existing telephone network can double as a highway for business data – and that "office automation" need have no geographic limits.

A plug for the home team: Every vendor does some things better than the other guys. While communications and data networks are drawing-board doodles in some shops, they are bread and butter items at AT&T.

It may be AT&T's greatest strength that we can integrate new and existing systems whether we provide *all* of those systems, or *some* of those systems, or the bridges between them.

◇

SUCCESS. Like the first Industrial Revolution, this one will lift some companies and confound others.

Those without a coherent plan to manage information in *all* its forms – the spoken word, thoughts on paper, images, and computer data – will be at a disadvantage.

In the long run, your success with office automation will have less to do with whose machines you buy — or how many — than with how freely information travels among them. It is the relationships you set up *between* the machines, not the devices themselves, that will tell the tale.

P.S. Much of this message was drawn from *The Integration Puzzle,* a two-day seminar offered by AT&T's Institute for Communications and Information Management. For further information or for a catalogue of AT&T Seminars in eight cities, please telephone 1 800 247-1212.

Or write Mr. Dale Hegstrom, AT&T Information Systems, P.O. Box 1405, Morristown, NJ 07960-1405.

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The right choice.

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longer claim to be in control of events. The streets of the townships are now controlled by young gangs, a generation of pubescent Pol Pots happy to indulge in savagery for vague or unstated political ends. The hooligans give the orders. They instruct black labor organizations when not to report for work. They accredit black newspaper reporters, many of whom have asked for reassignment by their employers to escape the revenge of the gangs for honest reporting. The ecstatic children attack buses and burn cars purely as an exhibition of authority, sometimes forcing adult shoppers to eat detergents or drink cooking oil as an act of respect or obedience. They also kill.

"A few days ago," black reporter Aggrey Klaaste, imprisoned by the South African government in 1977, wrote recently, "I saw a group of boys and girls in attractive school uniforms squatting silently in a main road near Dobsonville, Soweto. . . . The children looked decent, innocent, well-behaved. . . . I called one particularly attractive boy and asked him what was up. Without so much as batting an eyelid he said they were out to kill someone." The children selected a random suspect. "They got their man, and the hapless creature was first hacked to death with an assortment of garden tools, then set on fire."

"This is not random gangsterism," wrote the liberal white journalist Ken Owen in a Johannesburg newspaper. "It is highly disciplined, if diffuse, political action which is directed at the destruction of the 'system' and which increasingly defines that 'system' in radical Marxist terms as including any display of 'bourgeois values.' . . . It is a loosely organized, radical mass movement of youngsters who operate outside any law and without any identifiable leaders. They see themselves as 'socialists,' and their enemy as white capitalism. They attack every reform and discredit every amelioration, and they murder 'collaborators' who might help reform to work."

'I called one particularly attractive boy and asked him what was up. Without so much as batting an eyelid he said they were out to kill someone'

The prevailing Western assumption seems to be that the white South African conscience can be sharpened, and the black capacity for proper compromise enhanced, by a program of sanctions and disinvestment destined to reduce the capacity of the South African economy to employ those young black men whom the current recession has sent flooding and killing into the streets, and whose violence will mount in scale and savagery as the currency declines and the international bankers turn away and the investors, who could turn the South African tide, take their money to calmer countries.

It is an insane assumption, given that attitudes on both sides of the fence in South Africa have hardened since sanctions and disinvestment came on the scene. It is insane, except for those on the revolutionary left who believe that the target state of the revolution must be destroyed before it can be rebuilt. It is insane, in the face of the mountainous evidence that economic growth has been the chief subverter of apartheid, requiring, as it has, the enlistment and elevation of blacks in the labor and managerial forces. It is insane, built as it is on the belief that white South Africans—particularly the Afrikaners—can be brought to heel by economic discomfort or even disaster.

"I have one last word," wrote South African author Alan Paton in 1985, "to those fanatical divestors who think they can bring the South African government 'to its knees.' They will not succeed. The Afrikaner nationalists may at times behave like fools, but they do not behave like cowards. . . . The self-righteous . . . will have to bring the whole country to its knees, for if the Afrikaners are ever brought to their knees, it will have to be by the gun. . . . We will become one of the begging nations of the world, and the West, having broken us, will have to feed us. The Russians will give us guns. America will have to give us food."

If we wrote a movie about South African reconciliation, we asked, what should we do about the sex angle? Cross the color line, the two senior Afrikaner officials in Pretoria said. Oh, indeed, they said, oh, indeed.

One senses, after 42 years of visiting South Africa, a shifting of the plates of history. One remembers a white soldier in Durban in 1943, banging the face of a black soldier with the heel of his hobnailed boot, to the cheers of a ring of whites, for looking "wrong" at a white woman. What now for Afrikanerdom? What now for all South Africans?

There are three general options for South Africa: durable reform in a consensual and prosperous society; ineffective reform amidst continuing violence and declining prosperity; and, with limited or no substantive reform, a slow and bloody tumble into disintegration, thence to partition or the night of black supremacy.

So much is widely accepted, but which option shall it be? South Africa is polarizing with every foreign sanction and incitement, with every icy banker's stare and every leader in the *New York Times*. The Afrikaner establishment, once so united, is divided on the speed and detail of reform, some holding that partition is the only salvation. The English, once so powerful in business and politics, now play in a quiet key, sometimes hard, sometimes conciliatory, often checking with the embassy about their passports. The coloreds and the Indians have an anxious time, some participating in the new tricameral parliament, some disdaining it, almost all of them highly apprehensive about black majority rule and its violent young precursors in the townships. The young blacks are running amok, out of patience and out of control, but serving the ends of the waiting African National Congress, lying in the long grass in Lusaka, preparing to destroy and commandeer. "It is our intention," ANC president Oliver Tambo has said, "to make South Africa ungovernable."

Then comes the revolution? Perhaps the most significant recent development in South African politics has been the assumption of initiatives by the leaders of the white business community. A delegation of them met on September 14 in Lusaka with Oliver Tambo and those members of the ANC who in July made the decision to escalate the violence—if necessary, indiscriminate violence—in South Africa. "There were no religious conversions on either side," a reporter present said, "but . . . the positions were

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not wholly irreconcilable. . . . The meeting did not do any harm." It did little visible good either, since the ANC said it would not consider a moratorium on violence even if the government agreed to talk.

There *was* a social dividend. "Strange," said one member of the white group afterward, "but I'd rather have Thabo Mbeki (the ANC director of information) in my home than Ted Kennedy."

Then, on September 28, 91 South African business leaders took out full-page advertisements in South African newspapers calling for the abolition of apartheid and for talks with "acknowledged black leaders" on the abolition of statutory racial discrimination, on the granting of full citizenship to all South Africans, and on the sharing of political power among the races.

These are powerful voices. They announce great movement in the philosophical foundations of a once-supremacist society. But the same newspaper advertisements denounced "the politics of violence," that Oliver Tambo had only recently told some of the signatories the ANC will not give up. The children in the townships embrace their revolutionary violence more fervently every day.

> *Let me remind you, gentlemen, Oliver Tambo told his white guests in Lusaka, that Nelson Mandela was never elected president of the African National Congress. I was.*

The general Western theory, endorsed by the United States, is that the first step to reconciliation in South Africa should be the release of Nelson Mandela from jail, where he is serving a life sentence for terrorism.

Mandela has become, while in jail, the chief symbol of African nationalism in South Africa. There is a wide belief that he best serves his cause in jail, that he knows it, and that he does not want to be released. It is not at all clear that he would cut much of a figure for very long outside his prison wall. Toivo ja Toivo, the SWAPO leader, was released by South Africa after an extended term in jail, and in short order went into obscurity. But at least Toivo had been the leader. The incumbent leaders of the exiled ANC might not be anxious to abdicate to a symbol.

The South African government has offered to release Mandela if he renounces violence, but he has refused to do so. No government can rationally be asked to release a man committed to its revolutionary destruction, unless into exile. There may be a utility for South Africa to that, perhaps to defuse a bomb, perhaps to give time for reconsiderations. Mandela is not well, suffering from a prostate condition. It is rumored that he will be released to a clinic in Switzerland. His return to his homeland would then depend upon his health, his standing with his colleagues, and his commitment to constitutional change. No non-South African should presume to force the pace.

> *What are you trying to do to us, the black trade-union leader asked. Starve our children? Burn our houses down? You are the richest and the strongest, you Americans. Why don't you give us a hand?*

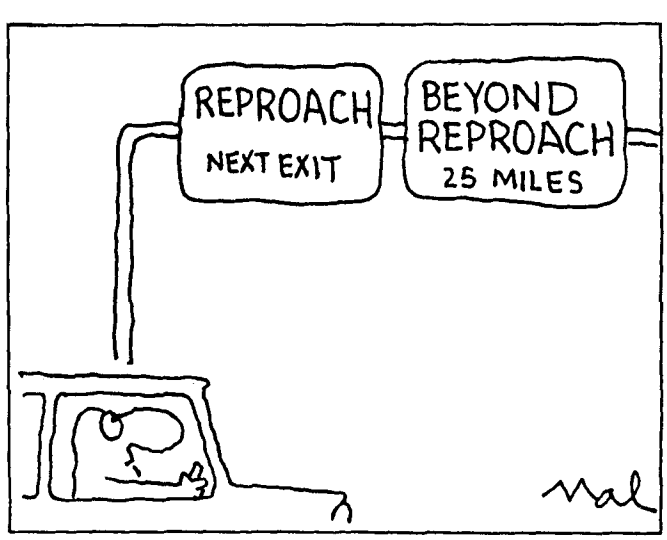
One has always seen it among the unfree—in South Vietnam, in Rhodesia, in Namibia, in the India of Indira Gandhi's day, in Poland at the time of Solidarity, in Guatemala and El Salvador and Honduras, and in the mountains on the Nicaraguan border only lately: the longing eye on Washington, D.C., the turning of the lonely to the only lamp they know.

So today in South Africa, most of the white and the black and the brown look upon the United States hopefully as their friendly sentinel, fearfully as their well-intentioned enemy, as the friendly giant groping for the light. What they fear, they see, is an alliance of liberal Democrats and nervous Republicans in joint pursuit, with the predators of the East and West and the gangs of the townships, of the erosion of the capacity of South Africa to satisfy either its critics or its constituents. What they want to see is a light in the White House.

For five years the policy of the Reagan Administration toward South Africa has been that of "constructive engagement," now under attack, blamed in considerable part for the troubles it sought to avert. The problem with constructive engagement, however, has not been with its admirable concern or with any imperfect execution. Assistant Secretary of State Chester Crocker is a man of high understanding and diplomatic competence, commanding strong respect—as does U.S. Ambassador to South Africa Herman Nickel—at almost every level of South African political society. The problem with constructive engagement is the absence of something its authors are not entitled to provide: a constitutional map for South Africa. Only South Africans can provide a sense of direction for a friendly America to endorse.

There are formidable obstacles to political cartography in South Africa. Stability would require constitutional arrangements of enormous ingenuity and variety. It is also a society in hazardous transition, in which every white concession is matched by an escalation of demands on the rebel side.

Yet there have been advances recently—in black property rights, in the abolition of racial bars to marriage, in a commitment to eventual parity in black and white education, in a growing consensus against the hated pass laws and influx controls, in the development of free black trade unions and a Western-modeled system of collective bargaining, and above all in the South African government's undertaking to involve all the peoples of South Africa in the governance of their lives—which indicate that a more just and consensual society could emerge, given time and Western understanding.



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What is probably coming is a bartered partnership, a bargained constitutional *modus vivendi*, a complex of ethnic autonomies and contingent vetoes about common rights and citizenship; not the simple majority rule of African tyrannies but a grand coalition of individuals and interests and peoples intent upon *both* freedom and fraternity in a counterpoise of powers under a law that seeks to claim the loyalty of them all.

The phrases and formulas for constitutional experiment abound—whether federal or confederal or autochthonous or consociational in title or conception. South African constitutional scholarship is a burgeoning industry not yet familiar in the West. It has persuasive precedents in the constitutional histories of Belgium and the Netherlands and Austria and Malaysia and particularly Switzerland. The difficulties, as Winston Churchill said of the Mulberry Harbors in World War II, will take care of themselves. What South African constitutional scholarship needs—and particularly the Human Sciences Research Council in Pretoria, the sponsor of so much of it—is a sympathetic Western eye and ear.

There may be a foundation for change in prospect. The territory of the Zulu homeland, KwaZulu, takes up much of the territory of the white-governed eastern province of Natal. Chief Gatsha Buthelezi is the elected leader of Inkatha, the political arm of the Zulus, themselves six million strong and the largest tribe in Africa. A commission initiated by Buthelezi has recommended a consociational form of government for KwaZulu, with a multi-racial interest-group executive and a legislature elected by both group interest and direct suffrage. Initially skeptical, the government of President P. W. Botha now shows signs of endorsing what might break the ground for a constitutional fraternity throughout the republic. Buthelezi himself is a moderate, an African constitutionalist, and now that he has openly challenged it for the leadership of black South Africa, a target for assassination by the ANC. He might turn out to be the crucial figure in the historic bargaining to come.

Then might be set in train two great constitutionalisms, both colonialist and racist in origin, both later exemplary to hemisphere and continent

The multitude of constitutional maps, and more concrete initiatives such as Buthelezi's, are encouraging. But what would really help the White House would be a definite commitment to endorse. The South African political idiom does not translate well into American, but perhaps the president of South Africa could address a theme to the President of the United States and *his* constituents. He might say:

> *It is the policy of the republic to engage in the simultaneous and earnest pursuit of both equal rights and ethnic security for all the peoples of our country. There will of course be universal suffrage, through institutions of our own design and choosing, suitable to our needs if hardly to foreign whim. We will engage ourselves in equal rights, following the American example, with all deliberate speed; and we will protect the freedom of each of our peoples with our lives and sacred honor. We shall breathe into our constitutional arrangements the spirit of the American Founding Fathers, who despised all tyrannies. We shall gladly join with any other nation, on this or any other continent, in such an endeavor; but let all men know that we shall do it alone, if that must be the case.*

What then might Ronald Reagan do? He might dispatch a presidential envoy to South Africa to consult with President Botha and other benchmen to learn the signals and weigh the odds and offer his good-will services should they be invited.

The envoy might even serve as mediator, albeit modestly and most quietly, since he would have to be gifted with what *Natal Mercury* editor Ian Wyllie describes as "exquisite sensitivity" in the knitting together of the unraveling black and white threads of the republic. He might thereafter recommend to the President of the United States the appointment of a presidential commission on South Africa to marshal—as did the Kissinger commission on Central America, and perhaps under the same author—the facts and complications and opportunities in a place of great philosophical and strategic consequence to the United States.

There might then be set in train a grand transoceanic condominium, the foundation for a shared house of freedom and security for all the races and persuasions, two great constitutionalisms, both founded in awful gravity, both colonialist and racist in origin, but both later exemplary to hemisphere and continent.

> *Talk to us, the young men and women said. We are black and white, and we are young. Talk to us, before you lose us.*

The young Zulus and the young Afrikaners met with us on the last Thursday in the home of the graceful, fine white lady in the suburbs of Johannesburg. They meet often, seeking common ground. One of the Afrikaners said he might accept majority rule in the fullness of time. "You would be foolish to do that," one of the Zulus replied, "without guarantees you can yourself enforce." They all agreed.

They are the stewards of the coming generation, the children of old slaughterers and tyrants, proud of their lineage but determined on great change, brave in their open conduct, the moderates among the young and the prophets of their country, almost totally ignored by the critics of South Africa in the West. They could do with a hand from the President of the United States. What might he tell his own about them?

> *South Africa is the home of all our sorrows (the President of the United States might tell his people), writ large to test our souls and understanding. Lift the burdens of South Africa, and we lighten ours as well. Give the South Africans help and bring them love, lift their eyes to higher places, give their children future palaces. Give them our friendship. Stand with them now, lest they fall. For if they fall, we fall as well.* □

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Featured on PBS:

'The Last Place on Earth'

And
War
Mystery!
River Journeys
Nature
Wonderworks
Creation Of The Universe
Great Performances
Treasure Houses Of Britain
and more inside...

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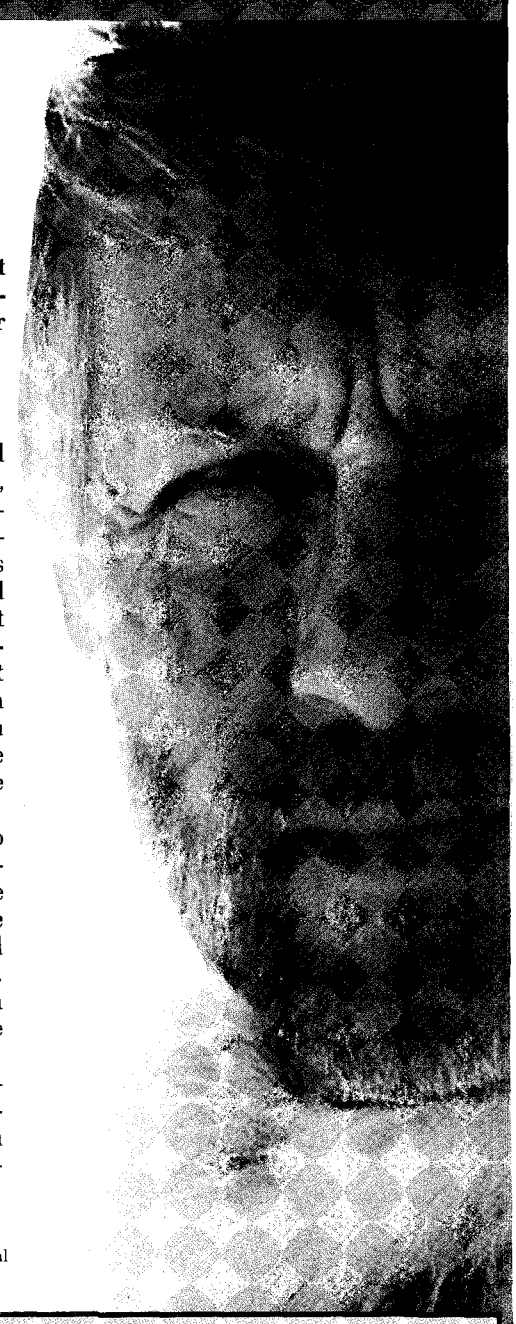
Mobil Masterpiece Theatre



Two Men, One Great Ambition

"The Last Place on Earth," a six-part drama based on the epic Scott-Amundsen race to the South Pole. Starts October 20 at 9 p.m. Eastern Time.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

The day Robert Scott finally reached the South Pole, on January 17, 1912, was undoubtedly the worst of his horrendous 850-mile journey. For in that arctic vastness he found the tent left by his rival explorer, the Norwegian Roald Amundsen, whose team had beaten Scott by one month. **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** opens its 15th season with "The Last Place on Earth," a six-part dramatization of the Scott-Amundsen race to the South Pole, which reveals a less flattering side of Scott that some historians have ignored.

"In England Scott is held up as a hero to school children," said director Ferdinand Fairfax in an interview about the series. "Scott was brave, full of reserve and aplomb, a perfect gent. He's the ideal English hero. He failed and then he died. Amundsen is held up as a cad, the man who survived by eating the dogs. People overlooked that Scott ate the horses."

Scott, played by Martin Shaw, is ill-prepared for his mission despite his familiarity with the realities of the region (he had a gold medal from the Royal Geo-

Martin Shaw as Scott

Sverre Anker Ousdal as Amundsen

Crystal Anniversary for Mobil Masterpiece Theatre

Fifteen years ago if you made a call on a Sunday night, you probably reached a friend willing to chat. Then, in January of 1971, the lines went cold; if you dared to dial, a voice would inform you that it was impossible to talk—at this very minute Churchill was waging the Battle of Blenheim, or Poldark was bedding Demelza, or Lillie Langtry was risking social ruin by pouring a drink down the back of Edward VII.

Mobil Masterpiece Theatre had arrived; the only voice you wanted to hear on a Sunday night was Alistair Cooke's. And with this arrival, the miniseries was born.

"The First Churchills" (the first **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** presentation) introduced the miniseries to American TV viewers, who over the next few years began to talk of the dashing Poldark or the homey Mrs. Bridges as though they were members of the family. Miss an episode, and you risked smiling blankly at the talk of next Saturday night's dinner party. (Over the years, **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** has received many Emmy awards. "Upstairs, Downstairs" alone received seven Emmys, and is the series most often associated with **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**.)

It was not just that **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** drew us so firmly into other people's lives; "Ma Perkins" had done that years ago. It was that **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre** did it so well, featuring brilliant performers like Alan Bates, Glenda Jackson, Derek Jacobi, Rosemary Harris, Anna Massey, Anthony Hopkins, and many more. (This season Max Von Sydow in "The Last Place on Earth" and Diana Rigg in "Bleak House" are added to the list.)

Five years ago Mobil, which has been underwriter for **Masterpiece Theatre** since its inception, decided to provide similar backing for "Mystery!" and now when you call a friend on Thursday nights a voice explains that it is tied up helping Sherlock Holmes in his Baker Street digs, or lending a hand to those "Partners in Crime," Tommy and Tuppence. Oh dear.

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The Mobil Television Season on PBS 1985-86

Masterpieces

Masterpiece Theatre 9pm Sundays, Begins October 13

The Good Soldier The Last Place on Earth The Irish R.M. II

Lord Mountbatten: The Last Viceroy The Tale of Beatrix Potter

Bleak House The Jewel in the Crown By the Sword Divided I

MYSTERIES!

Mystery! 9pm Thursdays, Begins October 24

Death of an Expert Witness Agatha Christie's Miss Marple

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes II Charters & Caldicott

Partners in Crime I & II My Cousin Rachel Praying Mantis

Agatha Christie Mysteries

& Specials

Pride of Place: Building the American Dream The Compleat

Gilbert & Sullivan The TV Businessman The Living Planet

King Lear

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MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE

ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1985-6

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Mobil Masterpiece Theatre

raphical Society for an earlier expedition to the Antarctic). He decides to use mechanical sleds, and we watch as the treads break down and sink through the ice; in addition to sled dogs, he uses ponies to carry equipment, but then has to part their food along (unlike the dogs, the horses don't eat blubber); he brings skis for his men, but they end up abandoning them because they don't know how to use them.

Scott does little else to inspire the crew's confidence. One of his men, lying in bed with a bandage over his eyes, growls, "Ten years ago, when I was 20, I drove a team of dogs across Siberia 2,000 miles. I learned the narrowness of the line man walks between farce and tragedy. Tell him [Scott] that a man who sits in his tent in the Antarctic and whines about the weather is unfit to lead." The cold, however, seems to dampen everyone's spirits, and Amundsen, played by Sverre Anker Ousdal, is shown arousing hostilities in his men as well. (Max Von Sydow plays Amundsen's mentor, Fridtof Nansen.)

Scott's wife, Kathleen, an independent woman who pursued her own interests as an accomplished sculptor, is played by Susan Wooldridge (Daphne Manners in "The Jewel and the Crown," which will be rerun later this season). Kathleen is the dominant force in the marriage, pushing Scott to pursue his explorations. When he becomes discouraged with all the arrangements for the expedition, she snaps, "It's not detail. It's destiny!"

The expanse of ice and snow that contributed to the film's stark beauty led to special problems. "The snow had to be unbroken. There couldn't be a lot of footprints at the South Pole, so whenever we shot the expedition coming toward us, we had to loop way back so that they could come forward over fresh snow," said Fairfax. He also came to appreciate the problems Scott and Amundsen had with crews and cold weather. The film crew spent eight weeks in Canada's Frobisher Bay and two in Greenland, where temperatures ranged from minus 20 to minus 59. "People always say when you get into those temperatures, it's the machinery that lets you down. It isn't. It's the people. People get slow and grouchy about things."

Some English viewers inevitably were unhappy with Fairfax's portrayal of Scott and his wife. (Imagine Neil Armstrong climbing out of Apollo 11 and stumbling over a Russian guidebook, and you'll be better able to understand British resentment toward Amundsen.) But, said Fairfax, "It seemed legitimate to look at who this man really was. . . . Every word that we could base on what someone wrote or said, we did. Those interested in maintaining the Scott myth didn't like this at all."

The undisputed facts are the bleak outcome of the return trip. On February 17 one of Scott's men fell descending the Beardmore glacier and died soon after. Blizzards slowed the rest of the party and food began to run out. On March 17 another of the men walked out alone into the blizzard to die. The three survivors covered ten more miles and then another blizzard sealed them into their tent, where, out of food and only 11 miles from fresh supplies, they died.

On March 29, Scott wrote a final entry in his diary: "Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. . . . We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity but I do not think I can write anymore."

When Amundsen returned to England, he met with a reception as icy as the land he'd just left. On **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**'s 15th season, in a film that is beautifully photographed and impressively acted, he is finally given credit for being the first man to reach "The Last Place on Earth."

Presented by WGBH.
Funded by Mobil Corporation.

Bleak House

"Bleak House," an eight-part drama of the Dickens classic. Begins December 1 at 9 p.m.*
***check local listings**

The scourge of lawyers and legalese is nothing new, as this masterful adaptation of Dickens's novel* Bleak House *shows. The case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce—about the complicated execution of a will—goes on and on, drawing more and more people in its wake. Characters with mysterious pasts and names like Mrs. Pardiggle, Prince Turveydrop, and Guppy keep popping up as this Victorian world sinks into decay.

The story should have particular appeal to the American audience, knee-deep as the country is in lawyers. Dickens uses the law case to show how society has got itself by the tail, chasing about in circles instead of moving forward. One of the unwilling participants explains: "The lawyers have twisted it into such a state of bedevilment that the original merits of the case have long disappeared from the face of the earth." Diana Rigg stars as the restless Lady Dedlock, whose "weariness of soul lies before her, as it lies behind," and Denholm Elliot is The Guardian. Lawyers, laymen et al. are urged to watch.

Diana Rigg in "Bleak House"

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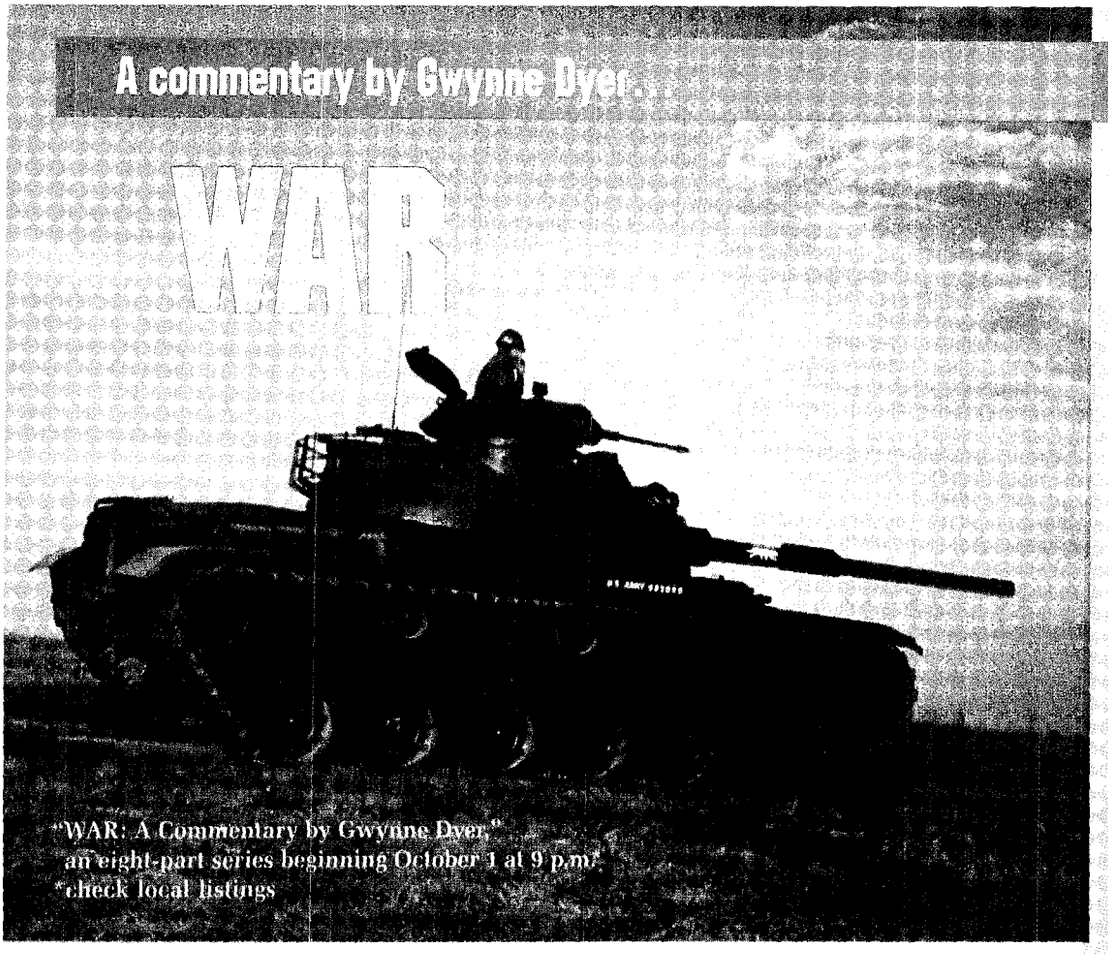
A commentary by Gwynne Dyer

WAR



"WAR: A Commentary by Gwynne Dyer," an eight-part series beginning October 1 at 9 p.m.* *check local listings

War, the horrible but inevitable response to conflict, has been with us at least since civilization. It once affected mainly soldiers and leaders, but in the last two centuries has escalated to alarming proportions. This sobering eight-part series, "War: A Commentary by Gwynne Dyer," chronicles the last 200 years of man's fight against man.

The programs were shot on location in ten countries, including the U.S. and USSR, and we see the armed forces of six nations. Dyer interviews a range of people knowledgeable about warfare—historians, philosophers, prominent generals, young recruits. In the second episode, for example, a group of young men arrives at Parris Island, and they're turned into "highly motivated truly dedicated rompin' stompin' bloodthirsty kill-crazy United States Marine Corps recruits, SIR!" The poor young men, heads like billiard balls, eyes terrified, struggle to become soldiers as their socks droop, their rifles get dirty, as they dangle from ropes, scramble up nets, or set up tents ("You only did one thing wrong—it's inside out").

"I guess you could say in a way I brainwash 'em a little bit," one drill instructor admits. "You couldn't survive in a combat situation with the morals you have in everyday life," says another. "If you get paid to look down your sights and pull a trigger and kill a man, that's what you do."

"The secret of basic training," said Dyer later during a discussion about the program, "is that it's not really about teaching people at all; it's about changing people to do things they wouldn't ordinarily do. The recruit is stripped of all evidence of his civilian identity—his hair, his clothes, everything that makes him an individual."

If the common soldier is merely following orders, then is war the fault of the officer—the one who, according to writer Paul Fussell, knows precisely "how much of his soldiers he can use up and get the job done"? No, explained Dyer; by agreeing to become soldiers, all of them agree to die when asked to—by whomever makes the ultimate decision to fight.

"Here you have a bunch of people who you pay and train to kill foreigners. Put that way, it doesn't sound like the kind of profession you'd like your child to go into.

"But the thing that gives it some dignity is that they also have to be willing to be killed. In the end, I think the problem is the sovereign state. How do you get to the point where you can surrender some of your sovereignty? After the First World War, we had scared ourselves so badly we formed the League of Nations and that didn't work too well. Then after the Second World War, the governments got together in the United Nations. The writing's on the wall. It says, 'March barefoot to Mongolia.' It's a hard task but it's pretty clear it's the direction we have to go in."

What Dyer does, and does well, is show how good and intelligent people of

The Eight Episodes

1 Episode one: "The Road to Total War." Dyer shows how modern nationalism and modern technology have joined to change war from battles between small groups of professional soldiers to the destruction of millions. With paintings, photographs, and film, this episode documents the terrible excitement of war—and the terrible consequence.

2 Episode two: "Anybody's Son Will Do." Dyer visits Parris Island and follows a band of green recruits as they are turned into professional soldiers in this sometimes moving, often wry segment.

3 Episode three: "The Profession of Arms." Here we see the remarkable similarity in military jobs all over the world. The military officers of various countries may have more in common with each other than with their own countrymen. In one of many interviews, General Ben-Chanaan of the Israeli Defense Forces speaks candidly of a truth all officers learn: you can do everything right and still get it wrong—lose the battle and your men.

4 Episode four: "The Deadly Game of Nations." Dyer looks at why governments—and the people they represent—feel the need to keep armies and fight wars. Israel, with its struggle to hold its own among the Arab nations of the Middle East, is the focus.

5 Episode five: "Keeping the Old Game Alive." Dyer documents NATO's conventional war games, held every autumn in central Europe as the combined forces of 15 member countries conduct an elaborate dress rehearsal for World War III.

6 Episode six: "Notes on Nuclear War." Dyer follows the development of the arms race, from Hiroshima to the Cuban missile crisis to the current nuclear stalemate.

7 Episode seven: "Goodbye War." From the League of Nations to the United Nations, Dyer talks about why efforts to achieve a worldwide peace have failed.

8 Episode eight: "The Knife Edge of Deterrence." This final segment was not part of the original series; it was produced by station KCTS in Seattle, and hosted by Edwin Newman. It presents alternative viewpoints, focusing on deterrence, from Truman's post-WW II administration to Reagan's "Star Wars" plan.

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Mobil
Masterpiece
Theatre
presents:

The Last Place on Earth

Scott and Amundsen
both wanted to be first
to the Pole.
One of them won.
The other became a hero.

Starring Sverre Anker Ousdal,
Martin Shaw, Max Von Sydow,
Susan Wooldridge
A six-part series begins Sunday
October 20 at 9PM on PBS
Check local listings
Host: Alistair Cooke

Based on The Last Place on Earth by Roland Huntford, published by Atheneum and available in bookstores. CC Closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers

Mobil

MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE 15TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1985-86

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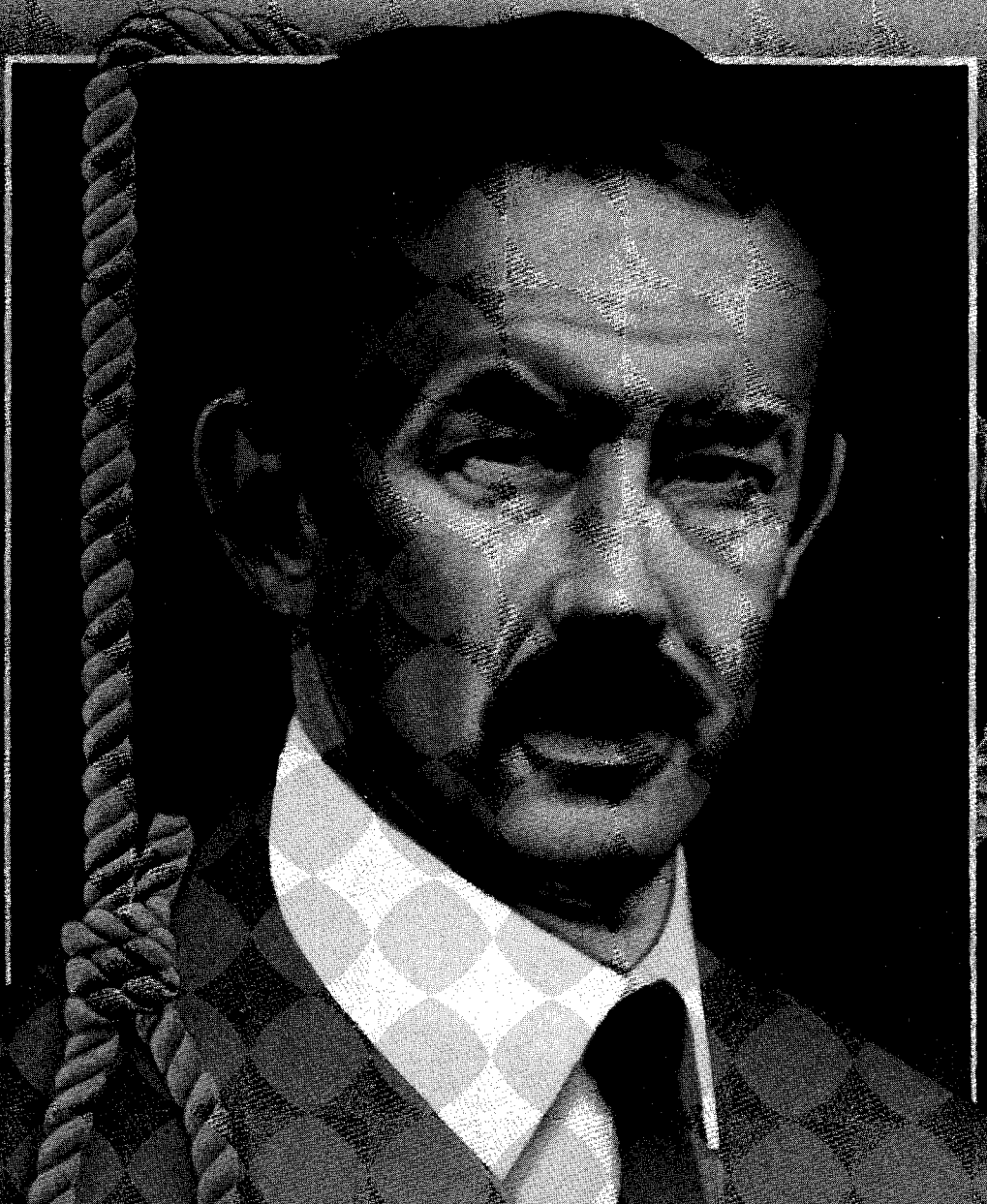
MYSTERY!
PRESENTS



BASED ON P.D. JAMES'
DEATH OF AN EXPERT WITNESS
EACH SUSPECT WAS A MASTER AT FINDING CLUES—AND HIDING THEM

Starring: Roy Marsden
A 6-part series begins Thurs. Oct. 24, 9PM on PBS Check local listings
Host: Vincent Price

Closed-captioned for hearing-impaired viewers
Death Of An Expert Witness published by Harper Books, available in local bookstores

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varying professions and responsibilities slip step-by-step into the throes of war. He lets the interviewees speak without setting them up to prove his point. His warriors are not evil; they are men doing the job they've been asked to do.

"It's a complicated and slippery business which can't be blamed on arms merchants or ideologues. If I got it right, the series ought to be an analysis rather than a polemic."

"We've gone on fighting wars all through our history because we've been willing to pay the price," said Dyer. "Now the price is too high."

Not everyone agrees on the price, and there will always be differences when determining what's worth fighting for. Dyer's enlightening commentary, however, graphically demonstrates how terribly costly anything worth fighting for is.

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada and KCTS. Funded by Public Television Stations (PTV Stations) and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB).

Gwynne Dyer, who writes an international affairs column that appears in 200 newspapers in 50 countries, is well qualified to talk of war. His military experience includes service as a reserve officer in three navies (Canadian, American, British), two years of teaching military affairs at the Canadian Forces College, Toronto, and four years as a senior lecturer in war studies at Britain's Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. "War: A Commentary by Gwynne Dyer" grew out of a radio program called "Goodbye War," which aired in Canada in 1979 and has since been broadcast in seven countries, including the United States.

Dyer, who lives in London with his wife and two teenage sons, concludes that we can no longer afford a tit-for-tat world. "Truth is," says Dyer, "we love our countries too much for their own good. And for ours."

Who watches what...

Irving Kristol, editor of *The Public Interest*, likes the British imports best—"Brideshead Revisited" and **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre**'s "The Jewel in the Crown." He also watches **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**.

Irving Krystol

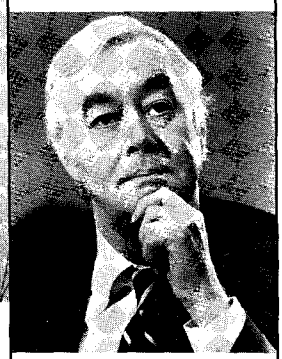
William F. Buckley, editor of *National Review* and host of PBS's **Firing Line**, doesn't have much time for television, but enjoyed "Upstairs, Downstairs," which was presented on **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre.**

William F. Buckley

Mayor Ed Koch likes to relax in his library and watch **Mobil Masterpiece Theatre.**

Mayor Ed Koch

Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan tunes in regularly to **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**.



Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan

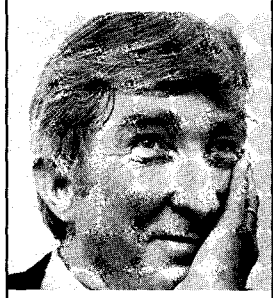
Senator Jay Rockefeller, whose wife, Sharon, is on the board of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, obviously watches a lot of public TV. His favorite: **Washington Week in Review**.

Senator Jay Rockefeller

Secretary of Transportation **Elizabeth Dole** likes to settle down with **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**.

Secretary Elizabeth Dole

John Updike says, "My wife and I have both been very attentive to the program on China and we're addicted to **Mystery!** Some years ago I liked Kenneth Clark's 'Civilisation' and 'The Shock of the New,' and there's one about nature—David Attenborough's 'The Living Planet'—which I enjoy. There are times when you can see one too many praying mantises, but by and large I like watching it."



John Updike

Judy Woodruff, of **The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour**, says, "I watch **Frontline** and **MacNeil/Lehrer**, but not necessarily in that order. And also **Masterpiece Theatre**." But the television in the house she shares with husband Al Hunt of *The Wall Street Journal* is usually tuned to **Mister Rogers' Neighborhood** or **Sesame Street**. Those are the programs her three-year-old son likes to watch.

Judy Woodruff

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mobil Masterpiece Theatre presents
Charles Dickens'

BLEAK HOUSE

Starring Diana Rigg & Denholm Elliot
An eight-part series begins
Sunday, December 1 at 9 PM on PBS
Check local listings
Host: Alistair Cooke

Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce:
No man alive could understand it—
or settle it.

CC closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers
Bleak House is available in paperback from Bantam Books.

Mobil MASTERPIECE THEATRE 15 ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1979

DESIGN/ILLUSTRATION: PAUL DAVIS STUDIO © 1979 MOBIL CORPORATION

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Briefings...

Wonderworks

"KONRAD," a two-part program, October 7 and 14, 8 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

This year **Wonderworks** has a 25-week season that includes stars such as Loretta Swit, David Birney, Carol Burnett, and Carrie Fisher.

Many a parent has wished he or she could put that boisterous little boy in a box, but Konrad starts out there, a factory-made child delivered to the wrong address. The eccentric Mrs. Bartolotti, stunned by the arrival of the crated Konrad, soon settles into motherhood. Ah, but the factory wants him back and thus begins a hilarious campaign, waged by Ned Beatty and Polly Holliday (the smart-talking Southerner Flo from "Alice"), to keep Konrad (played by Huckleberry Fox, the younger son from *Terms of Endearment*). The programs presented on **Wonderworks** have been chosen with children particularly in mind, and are done with such skill that parents will want to watch as well.

Produced by the Children's and Family Consortium (WQED, KCET, KTCA, South Carolina ETV, WETA). Funded by CPB, PTV Stations, and the National Endowment for the Arts.

Great Performances

"DR. FISCHER OF GENEVA," October 11, 9 p.m.*
"OLIVIER: A LIFE," October 25 and November 1, 9 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

TV's longest-running performance series launches its 13th season this fall with a wonderful lineup.

Last year Alan Bates was "An Englishman Abroad"; this year he's abroad again as "Dr. Fischer of Geneva," a wealthy eccentric who takes pleasure in finding out exactly how greedy the rich can be. Based on the Graham Greene story, the show features the late James Mason in one of his final roles.

Also on **Great Performances** this season is "Olivier: A Life," a biography of the great actor.

"I am now in my anecdotage," said Laurence Olivier upon being asked what he planned to do with the rest of his life, and indeed he is in this two-part program of the man critic Kenneth Tynan called "the greatest actor alive." More familiar as the darkly romantic Heathcliff or the classic Henry V, the real-life actor is as fascinating as the characters he has played. Olivier, whose marriage to Vivien Leigh collapsed under her legendary alcoholism and infidelities, once said, "I sometimes have thought that my life was as cursed as some of the characters I played, for after every success I've had, something has come along to muck things up."

Produced by The Great Performances Alliance: WNET, KERA, KQED, South Carolina ETV, and WTTW. Funded by The Exxon Corporation, the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), CPB, and PTV Stations.

Nature

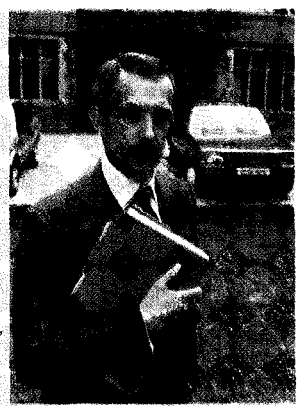
"AND THEN THE RAINS CAME," October 20, 8 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

The critically acclaimed **Nature** series is back this fall for its fourth season. With stunning wildlife photography and informative narration, the natural world is explored in what has become the most watched regular series on public television. This season **Nature** presents 20 new one-hour programs as well as encore presentations from popular shows of past seasons. The series is hosted and narrated by George Page, who is also in charge of production for WNET.

The season's premiere, "And Then the Rains Came," takes a look at how the animals of Kenya's Tsavo plain survive nature's roller coaster of floods and droughts. The show begins with shots of plains barren from drought; then the rains come and thousands of creatures emerge from underground. But the cycle keeps repeating itself, and the earth returns to its dry and barren state.

Presented by WNET. Funded by PTV Stations and the American Gas Association.



Roy Marsden in "Death of an Expert Witness"

PENN & TELLER GO PUBLIC, a half-hour special, October 23, 9 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

A magic show for people who hate magic shows. That's one way to describe this zany new addition to the PBS fall lineup. The "Penn & Teller" show is currently playing to sell-out crowds on off-Broadway. And for a good reason: their magic tricks are not of the usual variety. During the half-hour shows—in front a live audience—you'll see card tricks that are explained, an escape from a straitjacket, and fire-eating, all accompanied by a running commentary from the "bad boys of magic."

Produced by KCET. Funded by PTV Stations.

Mystery!

"DEATH OF AN EXPERT WITNESS," a six-part adaptation of the P. D. James mystery, begins October 24 at 9 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

With shrieks, shadows, shots in the dark, "Death of an Expert Witness" opens the new season of **Mystery!** with a start. Hoggatt's is the setting, a forensic science laboratory in England's flat and misty Fen country, where crimes have a way of being committed as well being solved. One body, then two, then three are offered up. The laboratory's scientists can construct a killer from a single strand of hair, but what can they do when there, crumpled up in a corner of the room, is the body of the expert witness?

James's gentlemanly detective, Adam Dalgliesh (played by Roy Marsden), is what the British press call "a thinking man's copper"—an urbane fellow from Scotland Yard who does his sleuthing in a very civilized manner. He puts things right, of course, but not before poking his way through a pack of suspects and discovering an equal number of guilty secrets involving jealousy, desperation, revenge, blackmail, and secretive love.

Filmed entirely on location in Norfolk and the remote East Anglian fens, "Death of an Expert Witness" is the first P. D. James thriller adapted for television.

And also coming up on **Mystery!**

—"My Cousin Rachel," a remake of the classic Du Maurier tale about a young widow suspected of murdering her husband. Geraldine Chaplin stars as the cursed countess in this four-part presentation beginning December 5.* The cast includes Christopher Guard as Philip, Charles Kay (from "The Woman in White") as Ramaldi, and John Shrapnel as Ambrose Ashley.

—From the harsh beauty of Cornwall, it's back to London and Baker Street for six more episodes of the "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Jeremy Brett returns as Holmes and David Burke as Watson in the latest dramatization of Arthur Conan Doyle's puzzlers. Fans can look forward to "The Copper Beeches," "The Greek Interpreter," "The Norwood Builder," "The Resident Patient," "The Red-Headed League," and "The Final Problem," beginning January 2.*

Agatha Christie's Miss Marple toddles into view February 13* with the three-part "The Body in the Library," followed by "The Moving Finger" in two episodes, beginning on March 6*.

On March 20 in "Charters and Caldicott," comfortable old Caldicott—taken up with Club, colonies, and cricket—finds the body of a young woman in his apartment. The two eccentric Englishmen (first seen in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes") spend the next three episodes finding out who done it.

Mystery! ends its season with five new stories in "Agatha Christie's Partners in Crime," starting May 1.* Set in the Jazz Age of the twenties, the series brings back Francesca Annis and James Warwick as amateur detectives Tuppence and Tommy Beresford.

Presented by WGBH. Funded by Mobil Corp

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Briefings...

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY, a one-hour special, October 28, 9 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

America's most famous lady reaches her 100th birthday next year, and to celebrate, a one-hour documentary, "The Statue of Liberty," will air on public television. Produced and directed by Ken Burns, whose film on the Brooklyn Bridge was nominated for an Academy Award, it traces the history of the statue and includes interviews with Mario Cuomo, James Baldwin, Ray Charles, Jerzy Kosinski, and poet Caroline Forshe.

Owl/TV

A weekly series of ten half-hour programs, beginning November 3, 5 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

OWL/TV joins **Sesame Street**, **Mister Rogers' Neighborhood**, and **3-2-1 Contact** as part of PBS's programs for kids this fall. In this new series, children learn that the the environment is more than bees, birds, and butterflies. "It might be the bedroom—making costumes out of junk. We need to broaden the word environment," says coproducer Annabel Slaight. "In **OWL**, we have kids making pizza, building a fort. Kids think of their room, their city block as their environment."

But **OWL/TV** doesn't confine itself to the backyard. Most appropriately, they visit the owl lady, a charming champion of screech owls, burrowing owls, great horned owls and, indeed, any owl which has fallen on hard times. As the rescued birds munch their mice, the owl lady pops three abandoned baby owls into a strange nest: "Thank goodness owls can't count. She doesn't know that only three are hers. She thinks all six are."

An imaginative approach to the world around us, **OWL/TV** is being coproduced by Canada's Young Naturalist Foundation and the National Audubon Society, which plans to form Audubon Youth Clubs across the country to give young viewers a chance to become actively involved in nature and science projects. At the same time, the Young Naturalist Foundation will begin publishing its children's magazine, *OWL*, in the United States. "The magazine, while not duplicating the TV show, will tie in with it," says Annabel Slaight, founding editor of the magazine and coproducer of the show.

Produced by The National Audubon Society and the Young Naturalists Foundation. Presented by WNET.

River Journeys

"A RIVER JOURNEY BY CHRISTINA DODWELL," November 6, 8 p.m.*
"THE MEKONG WITH WILLIAM SHAWCROSS," November 13, 8 p.m.*

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

Six writers take six different journeys along some of the world's major waterways in "River Journeys." The program won the British Academy of Film and Television Arts Award for best factual series of 1984.

"A River Journey by Christina Dodwell" starts off the series. Dodwell has spent the last ten years exploring the world on horseback and in dugout canoe. She knew about the Waghi River (called the Eater of Men in New Guinea) from an earlier trip and she chose it for her river journey, in company with a team of whitewater rafters.

The banks of the river harbor an exotic world where young boys entering manhood have their skin scored to resemble the scales of a crocodile and where the shriveled bodies of ancestors, smoked over a wood fire until they are as brown and leathery as a tobacco leaf, are hoisted up into baskets to guard the villagers. The native river people are fascinated as they watch the crew pump up the rubber rafts and set off down the deadly river. There are waves that are 20 feet high and black holes where man and raft disappear in a vortex of water. In the end, the river wins. Dodwell, who had never done white-water rafting before, admits to being frightened at first: "Fear can give you a tremendous boost, a surge of adrenalin, but in general it doesn't help at all."

"River Journeys" will air "The Mekong with William Shawcross" as the season's second program. Journalist William Shawcross's journey up the Mekong River, which runs from Tibet through southeast Asia, is as much history lesson as travelogue. The communist officials who arrange his trip announce lyrically that the Mekong is a "river of solidarity." But, says Shawcross, author of *Sideshow* (about American involvement in Cambodia), "The Mekong divides rather than unites the region." Like a pebble skipped across the water, he must hop his way upstream, frequently forced by warring governments to abandon the river and fly on to his next stop. The lives of a peasant people drying rice by the roadside or tethering their goats to the roof of a boat to ferry them to market are viewed against the scenes of recent war—the hulk of a bombed patrol boat juts from the river and Shawcross meets the man who planted the explosive. There is a crippled baby brought out for the cameras, its deformed foot, the communist officials say, the result of defoliants used by the American forces. When Shawcross learns the little boy, who is crying and begging to go home, has been produced seven times for seven film crews, he becomes so upset that he apologizes over and over and finally shouts at the father to take the baby home and keep him there.

Shawcross says that, at first, "traveling in a cocoon of officialdom, I felt as isolated from the Vietnamese as the Americans must have felt—and the French before them." Shawcross, however, is a hard man to isolate. He breaks out time and again to interview the ordinary people of southeast Asia whose lives have so often been disrupted by war.

Presented by WETA. Funded by PTV Stations.

Christina Dodwell stars in "A River Journey . . ."

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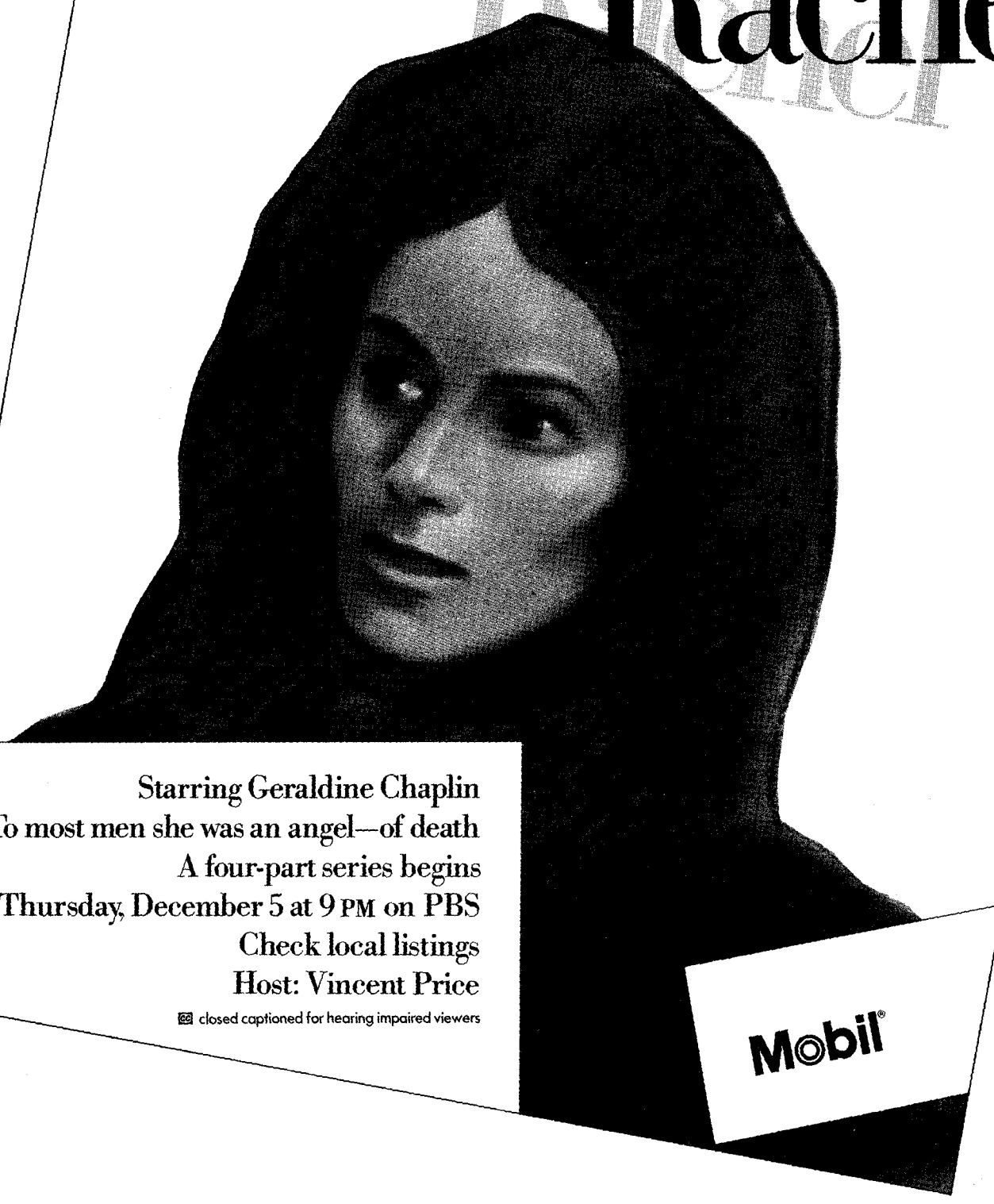
MYSTERY! presents Daphne du Maurier's

My Cousin Rachel



Starring Geraldine Chaplin
To most men she was an angel—of death
A four-part series begins
Thursday, December 5 at 9 PM on PBS
Check local listings
Host: Vincent Price

CC closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers

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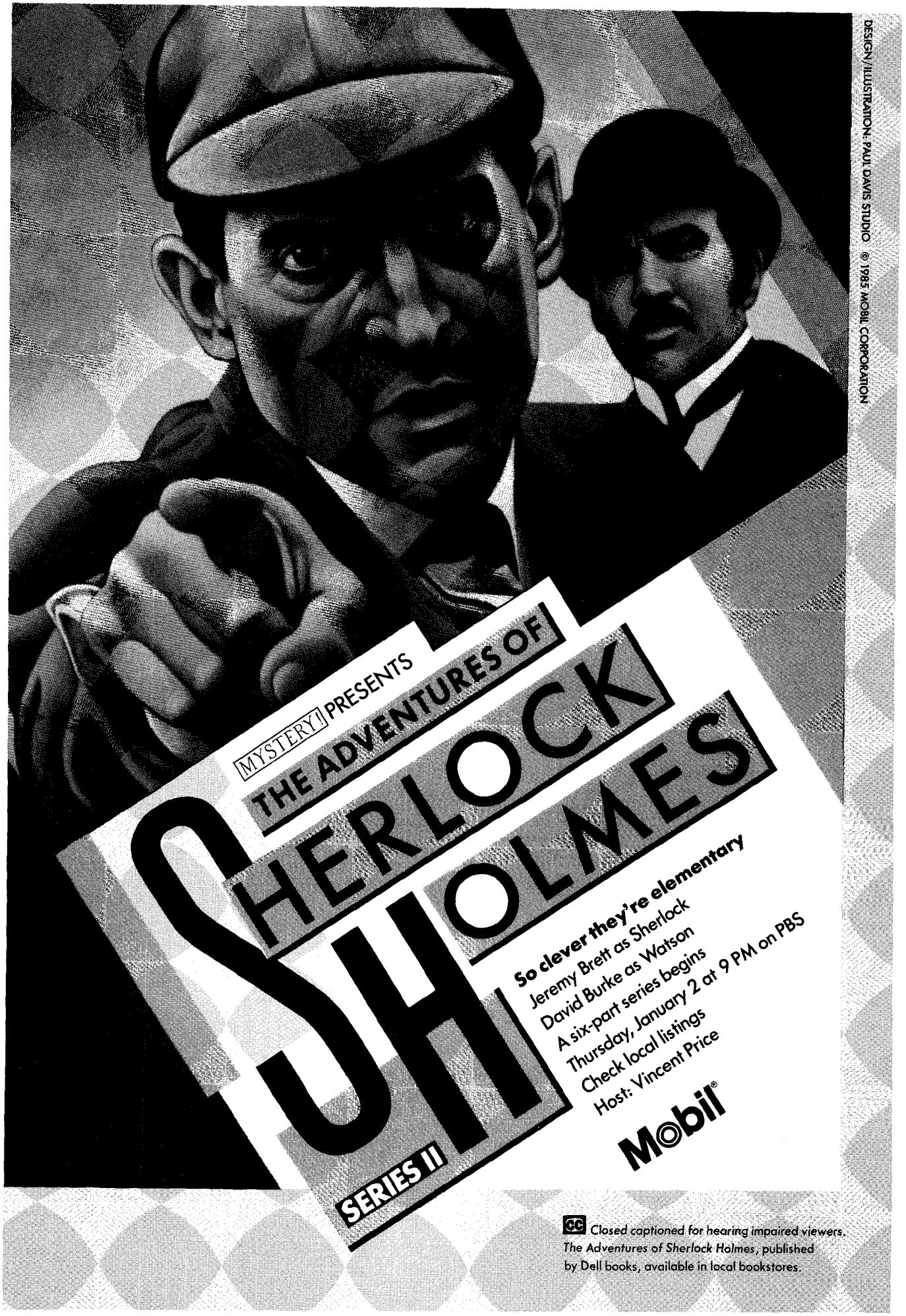
MYSTERY! PRESENTS
THE ADVENTURES OF
SHERLOCK HOLMES
SERIES II
So clever they're elementary
Jeremy Brett as Sherlock
David Burke as Watson
A six-part series begins
Thursday, January 2 at 9 PM on PBS
Check local listings
Host: Vincent Price
Mobil
CC Closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers.
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, published by Dell books, available in local bookstores.
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Briefings...

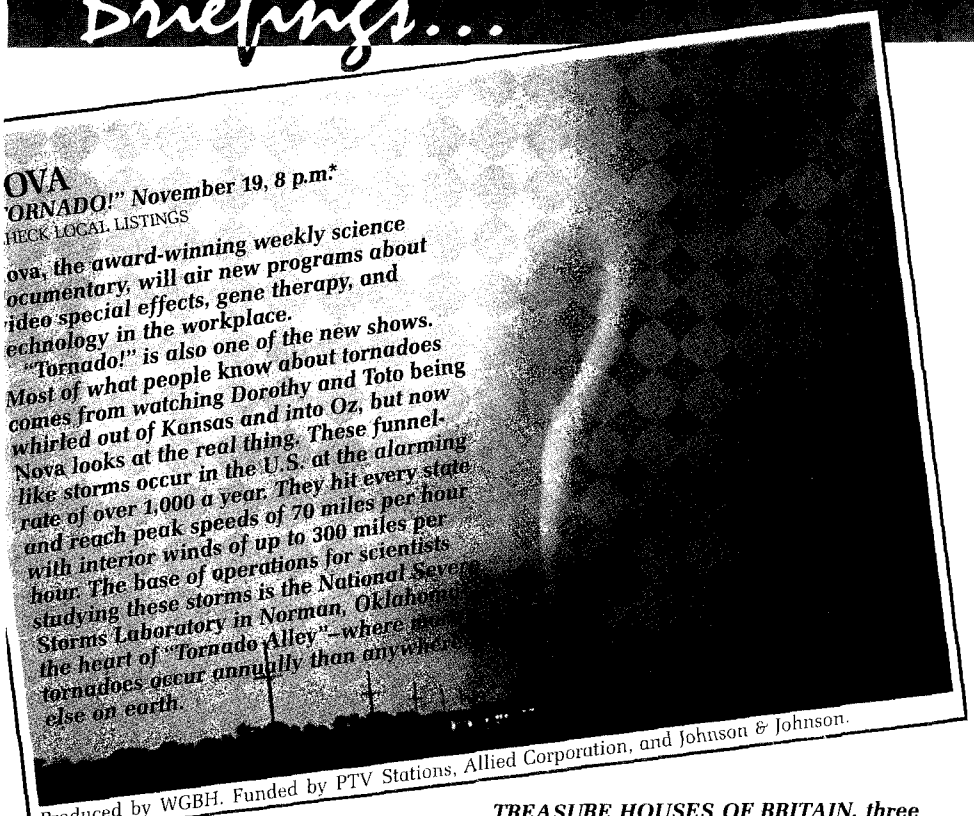
OVA

'ORNADO!" November 19, 8 p.m.*

HECK LOCAL LISTINGS

ova, the award-winning weekly science ocumentary, will air new programs about ideo special effects, gene therapy, and echnology in the workplace.

"Tornado!" is also one of the new shows. Most of what people know about tornadoes comes from watching Dorothy and Toto being whirled out of Kansas and into Oz, but now Nova looks at the real thing. These funnel-like storms occur in the U.S. at the alarming rate of over 1,000 a year. They hit every state and reach peak speeds of 70 miles per hour with interior winds of up to 300 miles per hour. The base of operations for scientists studying these storms is the National Severe Storms Laboratory in Norman, Oklahoma, the heart of "Tornado Alley"—where more tornadoes occur annually than anywhere else on earth.



Produced by WGBH. Funded by PTV Stations, Allied Corporation, and Johnson & Johnson.

SMART TALK ON PBS

And for those caught up with the talk-show biz, there are the following:

The MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour, airing weekdays, is now in its third season covering major news stories with a blend of interviews and discussions, documentary reports and special features.

Washington Week in Review wraps it all up at the end of the week, Fridays at 8 p.m.* Paul Duke and a panel of journalists discuss the issues that dominate the front pages.

In **Wall Street Week** Louis Rukeyser, the only man on TV with his own elves, takes stock of the stocks after taking stock of the news. On Fridays, 8:30 p.m.*

Each week on **Firing Line** that inimitable conservative William Buckley puts a guest to a battle over current events.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

*CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE, a special 90-minute program, November 20, 9 p.m.**

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

"Every single atom in your body was once within a star"—host Timothy Ferris quotes an astronomer in "The Creation of the Universe," a program that can put a bad day at the office in perspective, reaching back, as it does, 15 billion years to the Big Bang. With five Nobel Laureates on its advisory panel and only one mathematical formula in 90 minutes, "Creation" not only makes quarks, neutrons, and protons as familiar as E.T., but also follows physicists in their search for a Unified Field Theory. This universal formula would account, says Ferris, "for every fundamental process in nature, from the jostling of atoms to the wheeling of the galaxy." Brian Eno wrote the music that accompanies Ferris as he makes his way back through time searching for the secret of the universe.

Produced by Northstar Associates. Funded by Texas Instruments.

*COMET HALLEY, a one-hour special, November 26, 9 p.m.**

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

In 1705 Edmond Halley predicted that the comet later named for him would reappear in 1758. By calculating the orbit of the comet, he moved those bright and mysterious balls from the area of folklore into science. "Comet Halley" will reappear in 1986 and is the subject of a one-hour documentary. The executive producer, John Wilhelm, is a former science correspondent for *Time* and a former senior editor of Science 80.

Produced by John L. Wilhelm, WETA, and Japan's Asahi Broadcasting Corp. Funded by M&M/Mars Inc., the CPB, Asahi Broadcasting Corp., and the Planetary Society.

TREASURE HOUSES OF BRITAIN, three one-hour programs, December 16, 9 p.m.; December 23, 10 p.m.*; December 30, 9 p.m.**

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

When you look out on your lawn and sigh at the sight of all those leaves waiting to be raked, think of the poor Duke of Buccleuch with three houses and 300,000 acres, all in need of tending. There are, of course, compensations to being the master of Drumlanrig Castle and Bowhill in Scotland and Boughton House in England: the only privately owned Leonardo da Vinci dwells there, for instance, and 45 Van Dyke miniature portraits hang in a single room. The fine art and fine furniture is so impressive that, according to Nancy Mitford, the curator of the Louvre once apologized to the late Duke that the Louvre's French furniture was not as good as the Buccleuchs'. With the National Gallery of Art opening "The Treasure Houses of Britain: Five Hundred Years of Private Patronage and Art Collecting" on November 3, and Prince Charles and Princess Diana arriving on November 8, PBS checks in with "Treasure Houses of Britain," three one-hour programs strolling through the stately homes from Tudor times to the Victorian era, when newly rich industrialists settled themselves into ersatz castles. The beautiful objects are coupled with good gossip, as when the program explores the caves at West Wycombe where Sir Francis Dashwood and his fellow members of The Hell Fire Club got up to some very naughty things indeed.

Presented by WETA. Funded in part by the Ford Motor Company.

One of the treasure houses of Britain

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Mobil Masterpiece Theatre presents

LORD MOUNTBATTEN
THE LAST VICEROY

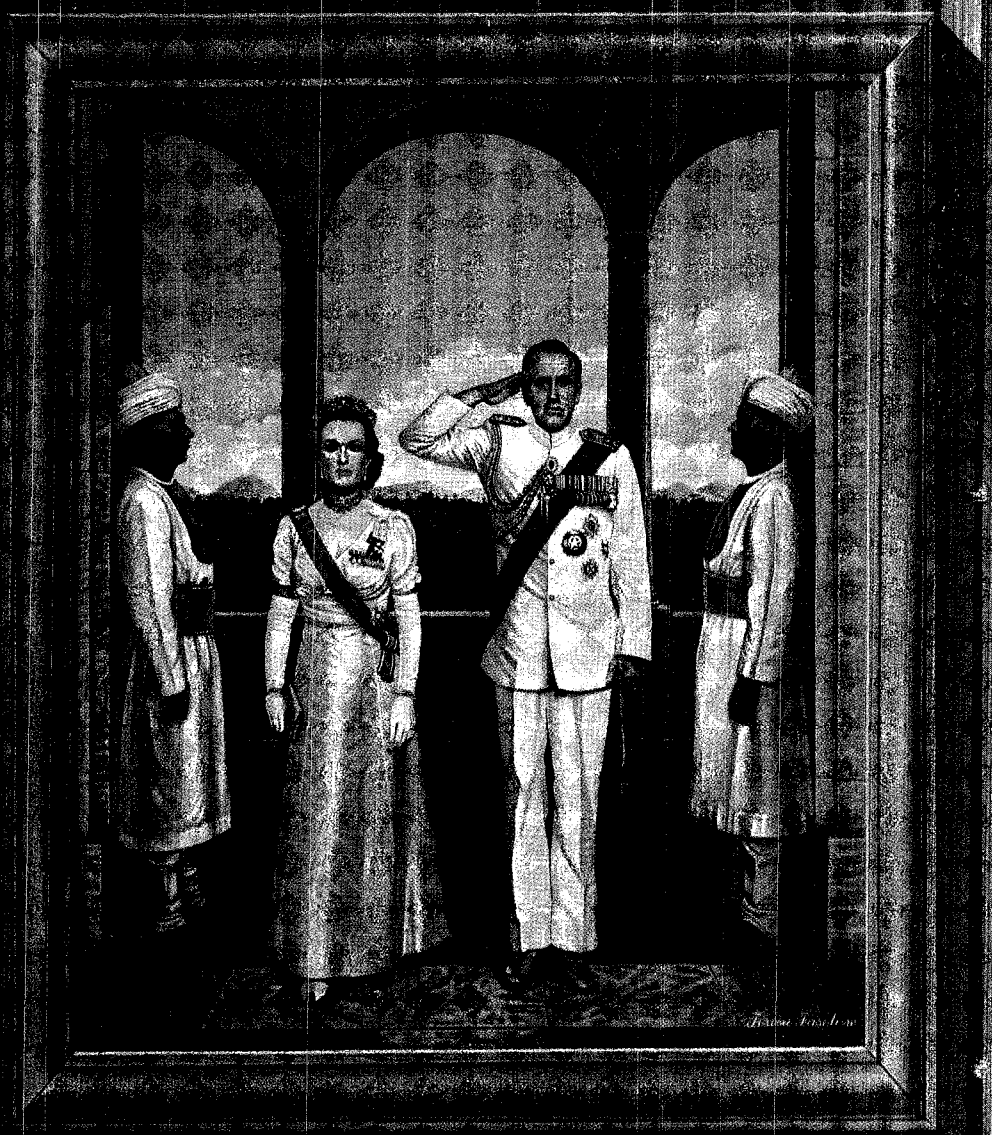

Illustration: Thomas Fluharty. Design: Chermayeff & Geismar Associates

Some called it betrayal– Others, his finest hour

A six-part series starring Nicol Williamson Janet Suzman

Begins Sunday 9PM January 26 on PBS Check local listings Host: Alistair Cooke

CC Closed captioned for hearing impaired viewers

Lord Mountbatten: The Last Viceroy, published by Pocket Books, is available in local bookstores

Mobil

MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE 15TH ANNIVERSARY SEASON 1984

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ANGOLA'S UNKNOWN WAR

I took my look at Angola's unknown war in the summer of this year. At the end of September, the Angolan government, fortified with 450 Soviet battle tanks and more than one hundred Soviet airplanes, plus an unknown number of Soviet military advisors, launched a major offensive against its anti-Communist enemies. The Soviets clearly know what is at stake in Angola. It is time the West also knew.

"THE ONLY thing we ask is that you don't identify the African country you fly in from," said Jeremiah Chitunda, the Washington representative of UNITA, who had proposed that I visit the "liberated" area of Angola where guerrillas are waging war against the Marxist regime, which is supported by 25,000 to forty thousand (take your pick of estimates) Cuban soldiers.

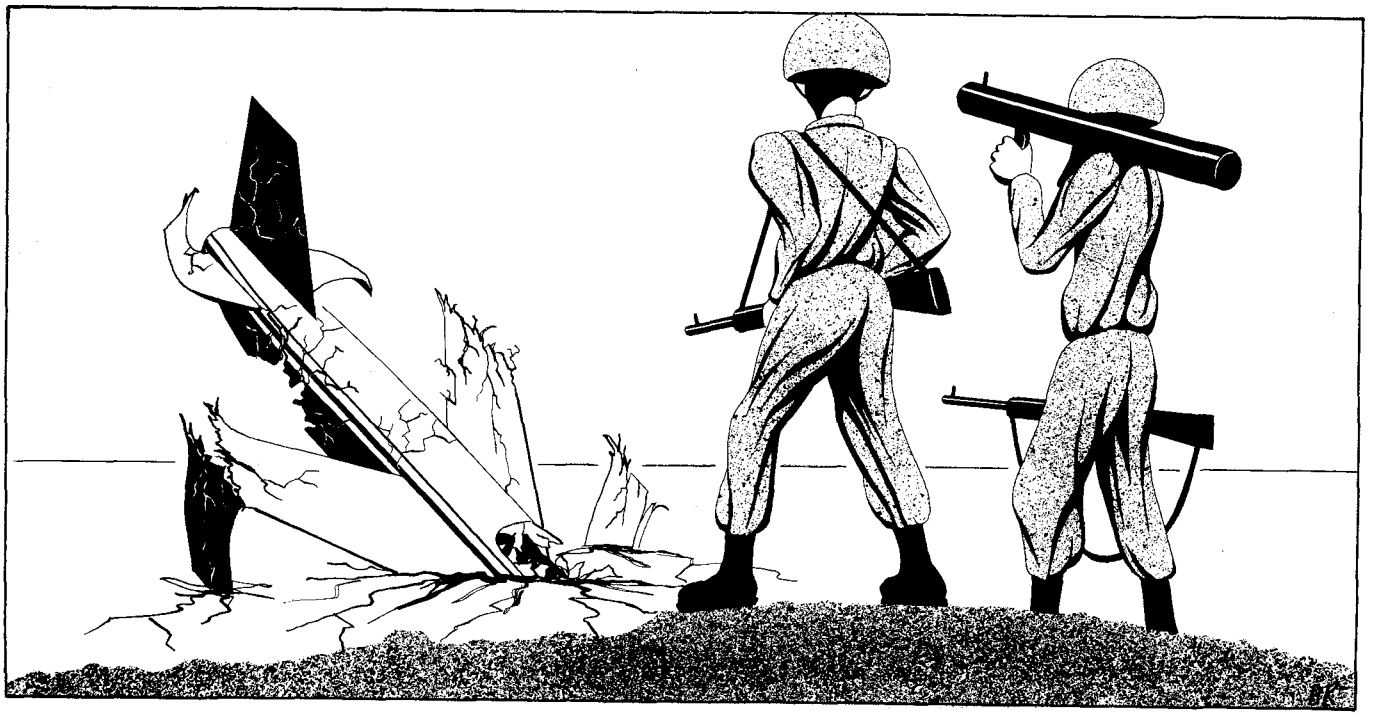
UNITA (National Union for the Total Liberation of Angola), under its leader and founder, Jonas Savimbi, 51, who is variously identified as doctor (PhD in political economy from Switzerland's Lausanne University), or president, or general, as the occasion demands, has been fighting Marxism and Cuban troops ever since Angola got independence from Portugal in 1975. Prior to that Savimbi fought colonialism. As one who has long regarded Angola as one of the great under-publicized stories of our time, I had no difficulty accepting the terms.

I took a Swissair flight to Zurich and switched planes for the unnamed African country, where I was met on the Tarmac by a UNITA official holding up my name on a piece of paper like a Cook's tour guide. He took my luggage and passport, and I was hustled into the country without the formalities—no visa, no immigration procedures, no customs, no evidence on my passport that I'd ever been there. On my return, after spending a month with the UNITA guerrillas, I'd leave the continent the same way. There would be no record of my ever having been in the country in question, much less that I entered "rebel" Angola from there.

The secrecy has nothing to do with security. It has a lot to do with embarrassment. Anyone who's interested can find out which African countries are sympathetic to UNITA and hostile to the Marxist MPLA (Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola) regime in Luanda and its Cuban-Soviet defenders. But public acknowledgment would be diplomatically awkward for everyone—even the MPLA, which hardly wishes to advertise that some (most?) of its neighbors and fellow African states detest and fear it.

The flight into "liberated" or "rebel" Angola, or Savimbiland as it is

Mr. Worthington is co-founder and former editor-in-chief of the Toronto Sun, *a veteran foreign correspondent, and currently a columnist for the* Financial Post *of Canada and editor of* Influence *magazine.*



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sometimes called, or Jambaland, after the grass-hut capital (the native word for elephant), or the Freeland of Angola, as UNITA calls itself, began at midnight in an unmarked World War II Dakota. These planes are crewed by whites with English, American, or South African accents, who are attracted to freelance mercenary flying the way hawkers haunt fairgrounds.

Hunting Grounds

THE EIGHT-HOUR flight to the bush airfield at Lekua, in the southeastern tip of Angola, just beyond the comfortable range of Cuban MiGs, is surpassed in discomfort only by the eight-hour truck drive from Lekua to Jamba, over non-existent roads through savanna country where sand billows like snow and which is impassable for anything save four-wheel-drive trucks or tracked vehicles.

When it is so difficult for friends to get through to Savimbi's Jamba headquarters, it's small wonder that enemies are unable to penetrate the area, which in the bad old days of colonial rule the Portuguese left largely uninhabited and called the End of the World.

At this writing, this southeast third of Angola—some 250,000 square miles—is under total control of UNITA. The MPLA-Cuban-Soviet offensive, massive as it is, must be taken seriously. But Jamba, the seat of Savimbi's power and the object of the offensive, is not only inaccessible, indeed largely hidden, it is well fortified. Moreover, Savimibi has the crucial weapon for successful guerrilla warfare: popular support in the countryside. Indeed, the remaining two-thirds of the country is a hunting ground for UNITA guerrillas in units up to battalion size: five hundred strong. They set up ambushes; capture towns; blow up power pylons, bridges, trains, convoys; and generally harass the MPLA military and their Cuban overlords. Visitors are infinitely safer with UNITA than with the government side.

Prior to going to Angola and "touring" the crucial eastern front at Cazombo with Savimbi, I regarded the Angolan war as a civil one, or a rebel action by a disaffected faction. In journalists' terms it seemed a "good story" more than a significant political issue.

That impression has changed. In truth, the war in Angola is a resistance movement against foreign aggressors (Soviet imperialism using Cuban surrogates). UNITA is not only the *best* hope for democracy in Angola, but the only realistic hope for common sense, realism, and harmony in the whole of southern Africa. Ironically, it is also the best hope for a peaceful solution in South Africa itself.

UNITA has been winning its guerrilla war. Were it not for Cuban domination of the air and UNITA's lack of heat-seeking ground-to-air missiles (SAM 7s), the Cubans would be compelled to leave the country or face resounding defeat. As it is, when they clash, UNITA usually wins. UNITA is the first resistance movement with a chance of defeating a Soviet-backed Marxist state (Grenada was a foreign intervention, Chile a military coup); there are no foreign elements fighting with UNITA.

Savimbi claims to have sixty thousand troops—24,000 regulars, 36,000 guerrillas. He says Angola is in the third and fourth phases of guerrilla war, as defined by Mao Tse-tung. (The first phase is subversive activities; the second is small guerrilla actions; the third is wide-scale guerrilla actions; the fourth is open, conventional warfare.)

The fight for Cazombo, a small Portuguese town in the rich agricultural area near the juncture of the Angola-Zaire-Zambia borders, illustrates Savimbi's point and UNITA's power. There were no independent witnesses to this battle, but today the ravaged area offers mute testimony to the intensity of the fighting. The fact that UNITA now holds it substantiates its version of what happened. I accompanied Savimbi to Cazombo: the only journalist to have visited the scene, possibly because Savimbi was dazzled by the first Canadian to visit him in ten years of war against "Russian imperialism."

Cazombo used to be a pretty, prosperous agricultural town centered on a crossroads. Today it is a shambles. Every building is damaged, and the inhabitants have taken to the bush. It is littered with burned-out and bombed vehicles and the usual wreckage of war. A downed MiG is a sort of shrine.

When UNITA guerrillas drove the enemy out some 18 months ago, regular forces moved in to defend it against inevitable counterattack—and the guerrillas moved farther north to surround and threaten the railway towns of Luena, Luacano, and Luao. Savimbi says the Cuban counterattack

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involved two hundred tanks and thirty aircraft and helicopters. UNITA held the area at a cost of one thousand dead and drove out the Cubans.

Once this was a staunch MPLA zone. The local people are now adamantly pro-UNITA. I watched a strange, rather touching meeting of local chiefs with Savimbi. While he sat on a grass throne, his fingers adorned with huge gold rings, toying with his ivory-handled cane, a pistol on his hip, and a Soviet AK-47 assault rifle leaning against his chair, a succession of chiefs in a peculiar wardrobe of mismatched socks, ankle-length skirts, shirts, and ties, pith helmets, cowboy hats, and even a U.S. Confederate Civil War hat, pledged undying support to Savimbi, which may last unless UNITA loses. In any event, horror tales abound of how the Cubans abused the local people.

UNITA seems meticulous about *not* pillaging the local population. Since there is no form of currency within UNITA, an elaborate barter system is in place. The army makes children's and women's clothes in a "factory" in Jamba and exchanges these and salt for vegetables and food. No sooner had it captured Cazombo than UNITA put nine hundred acres to seed with maize, rice, and cassava, to produce its own food so as not to requisition food from locals. Hospitals and schools were set up. Hence the UNITA army has mass popularity.

The UNITA forces also seem enormously resourceful. I saw downed Soviet MiGs being stripped of aluminum that was made into cutlery for civilian use. I saw the bush workshop where the under-powered Ural engines of huge Russian trucks were being modified with parts from German engines to convert them to diesel and increase the power, making a better product than the original. I even saw Angolans making a missile modeled after a Soviet one, with a range of 17 kilometers—which works. I saw two shattered T-34 tanks being cannibalized into one working tank.

UNITA is armed to the teeth. The soldiers carry the Kalashnikov rifle—the AK-47 assault rifle—which they say is without equal. The NATO FN rifle, which they also have, is considered inferior and unreliable. The FN needs to be perfectly clean or it jams, while the AK will fire when dirty and even under water. Moreover, they say, the FN jams if overheated after an hour's constant use, while the AK will fire ten hours straight if necessary.

UNITA casualties are relatively low, and soldiers give credit to what they call the "double-exploding bullets" of the AK-47. They say every third or fourth round in the magazine explodes one hundred yards after it is fired, or two hundred or five hundred yards—whatever the desired distance. So in an attack or ambush, if bullets are exploding just in front of the enemy they disguise where the fire is coming from and make the enemy think its attackers are directly ahead, and that the exploding bullets are shots.

UNITA claims it inflicts an average of two thousand casualties on the Cuban-MPLA forces every month, in some twenty ambushes and incidents. Only the Moçâmedes desert area in the southwest and the oil enclave at Cabinda are not harassed by UNITA.

Cuba's Vietnam?

THE MARXIST economy is paralyzed—collective farms don't work any better in Angola than they do in the Ukraine—and guerrilla activity has wrecked the once-rich diamond-mining business. The only revenue comes from oil. Gulf Oil is resented by UNITA, for it provides some 90 per cent of Luanda's revenues, and the bulk of this goes to pay for the Cubans. "We have the bizarre situation of Gulf Oil paying for Cuban mercenaries to prevent democracy in Angola and uphold Soviet interests, and to undermine America's interests," says Savimbi.

It is difficult to verify UNITA's military claims, since Luanda does not encourage Western journalists to visit. Increasingly the Cubans resemble the Americans during the final days of the Vietnam War. They are confined to the cities and towns, and rarely venture into the countryside. (One difference is that, while the South Vietnamese never wanted northern rule, the Angolan people mostly seem to favor UNITA.)

I talked to Cuban prisoners, many of whom change sides when captured. Those who remain POWs and loyal to Havana say they were told they were coming to Angola to fight the South Africans.

"Have you seen any South Africans?" I asked Rudolfo Estevel-Lantigua, who has been a prisoner of UNITA for more than two years.

"No," he said.

"Who've you been fighting then?"

"Only the Angolan people . . ."

Rudolfo has had no word from his family or government, despite Red Cross efforts on his behalf. He and others feel bitter and abandoned.

Badly wounded Cubans are apparently flown to East Germany for treatment, rather than to Cuba. And maimed or paralyzed or incapacitated Cubans are never sent home, but stay permanently in East Germany. Castro doesn't want the evidence of an increasingly lethal war returning to Cuba.

Cubans and missionaries who have joined UNITA after being caught in ambushes, acknowledge that the "people" of Angola prefer UNITA to the MPLA, and that the Cubans are increasingly unpopular and alienated from the country. The presence of Cubans, Russians, East Germans, and Bulgarians makes the Portuguese look good in retrospect. MPLA morale is increasingly bad. In July a whole battalion of MPLA troops deserted to UNITA; in June another battalion sought sanctuary in Zaire.

Everywhere I went UNITA soldiers were flush with confidence. Up in Cazombo troops lit grass fires hoping to entice MiG attacks so they could shoot at them with small arms. Every so often one is shot down. If UNITA had missiles the toll would rise, and the Cubans would have to withdraw.

There has been no sense of war weariness or battle fatigue among UNITA forces. I suspect they are the best troops on the African continent, with the exception of the South Africans. UNITA—besides its lessons in guerrilla warfare from the Chinese—learned basic soldiering *not* from South Africa, but from Portugal, in whose army a lot of Angolans served. And they have honed their fighting skills on the best teacher of all—battle experience. UNITA has now been fighting the Cubans and Marxism for almost twice as long as World War II. They're disciplined: When UNITA troops aren't fighting they're training. "Sweat lost in training is blood saved in battle," says infantry commander Lieutenant Colonel Jardo, a journalism student turned soldier.

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If UNITA wins power, the effect could have startling ramifications in Africa, and not only because the world is not used to anti-Communist resistance movements winning. Victory would vault Savimbi to the forefront of African leaders. Never before has there been an African leader quite like him. Though highly intelligent and well educated, what sets Savimbi apart from other leaders is his common sense and judgment—two qualities that are rarer than genius. I know of no other African leader who speaks out so bluntly about the dangers of Soviet imperialism and who also is not afraid to put South Africa in perspective.

"Everyone is against apartheid," he says. "Even South Africans agree it must change. Apartheid has no friends. It has no capacity for growth, cannot expand. Repugnant as it is, it is no threat to the rest of Africa.

"Russian imperialism, however, *does* have a capacity for growth and expansion. It is the greatest external threat to Africa—to the world in fact. If it can be stopped, or beaten in Angola, it will give courage and hope to other African countries that, frankly, right now are afraid of the Russians. They fear Russian subversion more than they trust Western, or American, resolve to stand up to the Russians."

To the complaint that UNITA gets support from South Africa and that he's "soft" on apartheid, Savimbi merely laughs. "I didn't fight Portuguese colonialism and oppose Soviet imperialism and Cuban intervention now, in order to support South African apartheid. Of course I detest apartheid. As a black man how could I not? But it is no threat to neighboring countries and it *is* changing." He adds: "We must accept that South Africa is a regional power. We need South Africa for our own economies. We want it integrated into the southern African economic picture if possible."

He wryly notes: "It took one hundred years after Lincoln and the Civil War before blacks in America had full civil rights; why cannot we be equally generous, or patient, with South Africa, which became a state only in 1910, and an independent republic in 1960, and is prisoner of certain traditions? South Africa clearly is changing. We should be encouraging it, not hindering it. If it turns out apartheid *won't* change, well, then we can act. But just because they are white doesn't mean they aren't African. They are, and have a right to be here."

Savimbi has "political officers" throughout his army. I found this disquieting until I sat in on lectures and visited the Polivalente academy (more grass huts in the sand), where instruction, or indoctrination, is carried out.

Lectures concentrate on the virtues of democracy, of multiple political choice, of free movement, of self-reliance, individual initiative, private property, free enterprise, fiscal accountability, balanced budgets, democracy, human rights, a humane and just

STATE DEPARTMENT v. SAVIMBI

SHOULD THE Reagan Administration decide to do what is necessary to save UNITA from the current massive Soviet-backed offensive, it would be an unexpected reversal of policy. Despite presidential candidate Reagan's enthusiasm for UNITA ("Frankly, I would supply them with arms"), the Reagan State Department has done more recently to undermine Savimbi than to support him.

This summer, Congress finally repealed the Clark Amendment, which had since 1976 forbidden U.S. support for UNITA. In the past, the Administration had fought for repeal—unsuccessfully. But this time around, though it was clear that the prospects for victory had improved, the Administration stayed on the sidelines. After repeal, in fact, Chester Crocker, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, announced that the Administration had no plans to aid UNITA.

That was mere confirmation of State's long cooling toward UNITA, a product of the Administration's constructive-engagement policy for southern Africa. Though constructive engagement is most commonly understood as the Administration's policy of diplomatically pressuring South Africa to ease apartheid, it also has implications for the rest of southern Africa—Angola and Namibia. Mr. Crocker nurtures hopes of "constructively engaging" the MPLA Marxist regime away from dependence on Moscow and Havana while negotiating a peaceful settlement to the Namibia question. Indeed, Crocker's preoccupation with Namibia threatens to deprive Savimbi of South African aid without protecting UNITA from the Cubans.

South Africa has exercised control of Namibia, or South-West Africa, since 1920 under a League of Nations mandate. The mandate was revoked in 1966 by the UN. But fearing that SWAPO, a Namibian Marxist "liberation" force recognized by the UN as the "legitimate representative of the Namibian people," would establish a dangerous revolutionary regime in Namibia, South Africa has retained control and maintained a substantial military presence.

SWAPO, unable to face the South African army in the field, uses Angola as a refuge; and in return for this hospitality it occasionally assists the MPLA against Savimbi. This situation has produced a useful community of interests between South Africa and UNITA, since Savimbi no more wants a Marxist state on his southern flank than South Africa wants to see Angola become a haven for Marxist Namibian guerrillas.

Crocker's policy, if successful, would eliminate this community of interests. Settling the Namibia question to South Africa's satisfaction would eliminate that country's most powerful incentive for aiding UNITA and would interpose an independent Namibia between UNITA's southern Angola base and friendly South Africa. Until now, South Africa has at least insisted on complete Cuban withdrawal from the region as a pre-condition to a settlement. Crocker's dubious contribution has been to hammer away at this position.

The State Department's first important step was to broker the Lusaka Accord of February 1984: South Africa would stay out of southern Angola in exchange for the MPLA's preventing SWAPO from using southern Angola as a base from which to launch raids into Namibia.

The accords completely broke down: SWAPO continued to mount attacks on Namibia from southern Angola, prompting South Africa to stop its

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legal system, democratic institutions, rule by law and constitution, and other motherhood issues.

For a long time UNITA was considered more a "tribal" entity than a national movement. If this was ever true, it is no longer the case: in part, because widespread hostility toward Cubans and hatred of Marxism have driven the people to UNITA; in part, because Savimbi's policy of making Portuguese the "common language" of the country has reduced tribal sentiments. No allegiance is wasted on tribal affiliations—only on Angola. Savimbi gives great credit to the common-language theme, which he feels is essential to promote unity.

With a democratic, anti-Marxist government in Luanda, the pressure would suddenly be off South Africa and the West over Namibia, or South-West Africa, where the Marxist SWAPO (South-West Africa People's Organization) has UN backing to form the government. SWAPO without a Marxist Angola to sustain it would be impotent; without a base for subversion it could be contained easily and would eventually wither or evolve into a more practical creed. Moreover, Savimbi thinks that with a black, democratic, reasonable government in Luanda, South Africa will be far more likely to moderate its racial policies.

A Realistic Answer

SAVIMBI—and everyone I had dealings with in UNITA—was scathing about Senator Edward Kennedy and other American politicians who have been grandstanding over South Africa. "Those who want revolution in South Africa—and there are those who won't be satisfied unless there is blood in the streets—are not friends of Africa. Evolution is what we need. Revolution will benefit only Russia; blacks will be the main victims. Evolution is the only realistic answer."

Why is it, if UNITA offers such a chance for democracy and harmony in southern Africa, that so little is known about it? Probably because UNITA should have vanished ten years ago. After the Caetano dictatorship in Portugal was ousted in 1974 (Marcello Caetano succeeded Antônio Salazar) the Communists there were briefly calling the shots. Portugal's five African colonies—or territories—were to get independence immediately: Mozambique, Angola, Guinea-Bissau, Cape Verde Islands, São Tomé and Príncipe. In all but Angola there was one main resistance movement that inherited power. In Angola there were three resistance parties—the Marxist MPLA, the American-backed FNLA, and UNITA, with no international backing but with the support of most of the rural areas.

Although elections were agreed upon, the MPLA seized Luanda by force with the approval of the Communists in Portugal, and called in the Cubans

(Continued on page 77)

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withdrawal from Angola. Nevertheless, the accords were important in revealing the State Department's intentions for the region: It was widely reported at the time that State was preparing to open an embassy in Angola, the first step in sending aid and granting Angola access to International Monetary Fund assistance.

In March of 1985, State offered its own compromise for a Namibian settlement. The details were not made public, but in May, Senator Steve Symms, on the Senate floor, revealed the thrust of the proposals: The Angolan Communists would have eight months in which to send home 12,000 Cuban troops, about a fourth of the estimated Cuban presence. South Africa would be required to withdraw all but 1,500 troops from Namibia and pledge to uphold the "territorial integrity" of Angola, which would have prohibited it from making cross-border strikes against SWAPO or from lending support to UNITA.

Eventually, according to the State Department proposal, 24,000 of the 30,000 Cuban troops State says are in Angola would be withdrawn. The Defense Intelligence Agency, however, estimates it is more likely that there are 35,000 to 37,000 troops in Angola. UNITA agrees with these figures. Based on this estimate, the final settlement would leave 15,000 to 17,000 Cuban troops in Angola. Remaining Cuban troops are to stay "north of the 13th parallel" (thus protecting the oilfields), but this stricture might not apply to the 5,000 to 7,000 troops State isn't counting. Moreover, UNITA claims there are 10,000 Cuban "civilians" in Angola, and, as a UNITA spokesman in Washington notes, "these can be used as soldiers at any time."

These proposals become even more alarming when one considers a recent change in Angola's naturalization laws: previously, a foreigner had to reside ten years in Angola before being eligible for citizenship; as of February 1984, any individual who had performed "significant service" to Angola could immediately be considered a citizen. By this legal sleight of hand, no Cuban claiming sudden Angolan citizenship could be forced to leave the country.

The time period allowed for the Cuban withdrawal (of 24,000 of State's estimate of 30,000 troops) was one year after the first day of implementation of UN Resolution 435, which provides for forming an independent Namibian government under UN-sponsored elections; 12,000 would have been withdrawn within eight months after the implementation. The 6,000 troops remaining after the "withdrawal" would have been required to leave within two years.

An agreement permitting 24,000 Cuban troops (again, on State's estimate) to remain in Angola up to eight months after South Africa vacated Namibia, save for a residual force of 1,500, would have seriously undercut UNITA.

Moreover, UN-sponsored elections in Namibia would almost certainly produce a SWAPO victory (the UN has twice affirmed that SWAPO is the legitimate representative of Namibia). With a hostile regime in Namibia, UNITA's resistance would almost certainly fall apart.

Fortunately, State's proposal was rejected by all the parties. Implementing it would have enforced the Brezhnev Doctrine for Angola, and not the Reagan Doctrine. —EUGENE TARNE

Mr. Tarne, a Washington-based freelance journalist, is a graduate of the National Journalism Center.

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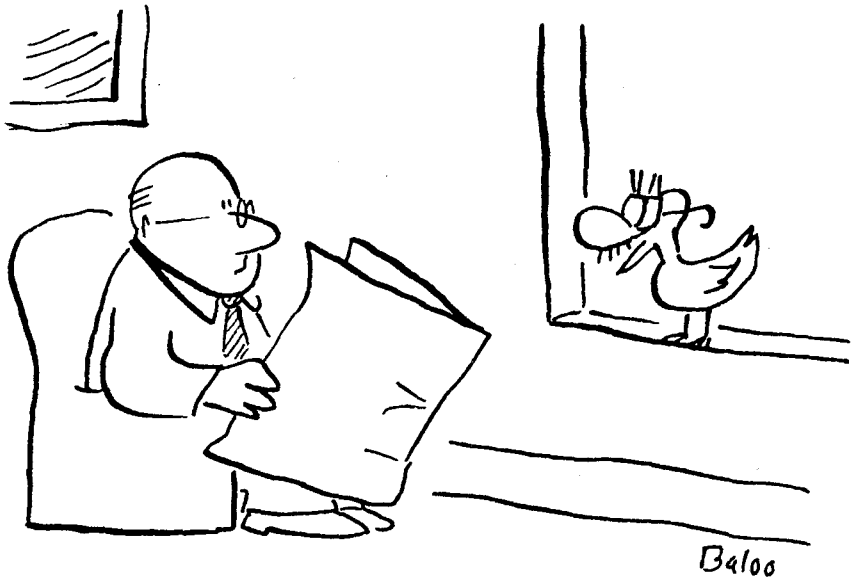
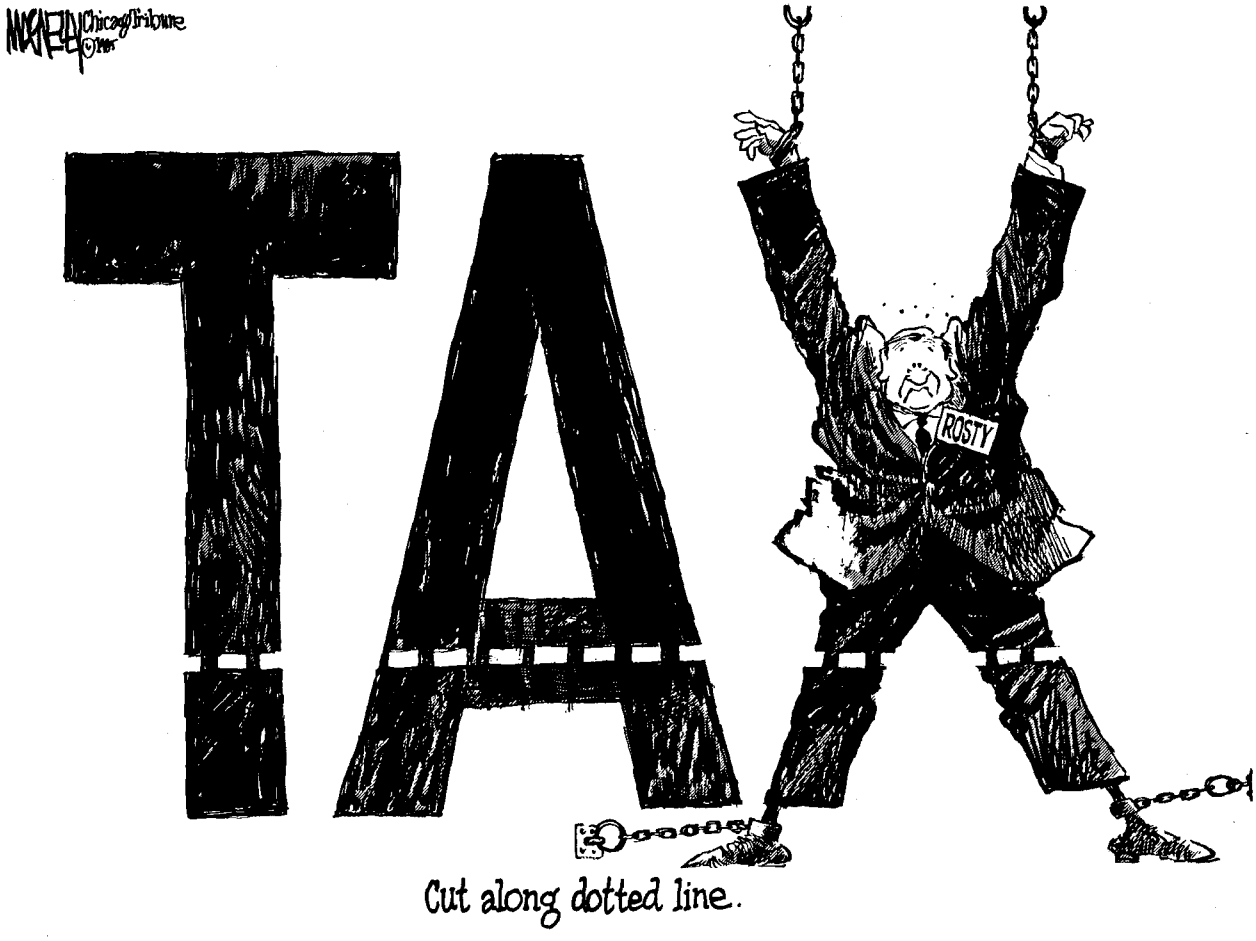


"Hi. I'm the Bluebird of Economic Recovery."



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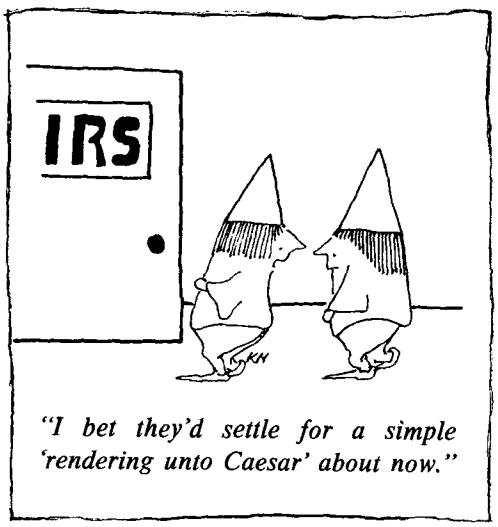
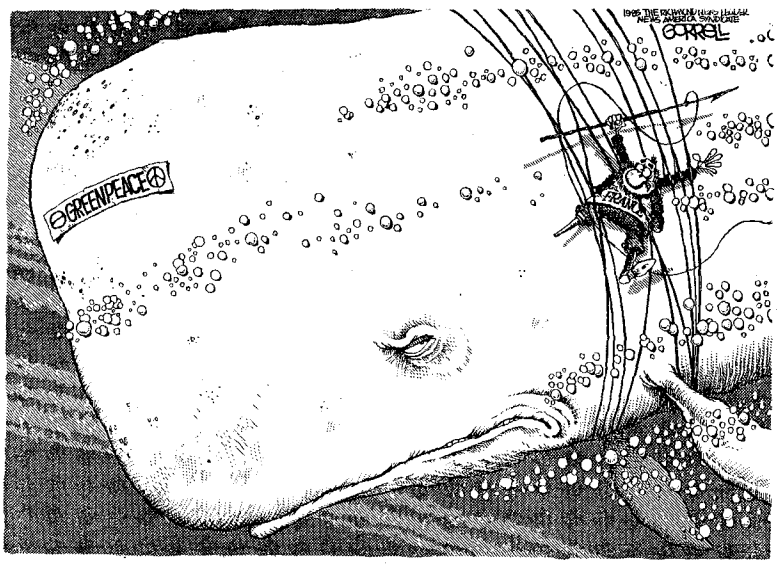
Just Looking

Like a breeze barely moving the curtains
Or a tremor too slight to record,
Justice lawyers probe Mrs. Ferraro
For some silly old checks she ignored.

W. H. von Dreele



"I bet they'd settle for a simple 'rendering unto Caesar' about now."



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AMERICA'S MISSING-SOCKS CRISIS

JANUARY 6. The Presidential Commission on Missing Socks issued its report today on a problem that affects an estimated 79 million Americans each year. After an intense seven-year effort, the commission concluded that "most missing socks will never be found." Where are they? The commission, despite its $23-million budget, could not guess, but did say "there is a good chance all the missing socks are in the same place."

The commission has been plagued by scandal from its outset. One of the commission members resigned after the *New York Times* reported that his name was in the "known-deviate" file of the New York City Police Department (listed as "foot fetishist"). But the most severe criticism has come from Congress.

"A total outrage," fumed Representative Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.). "Besides, all missing socks are inside the dryer, where they are forced into the little holes." Not to be outdone, Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) gave the commission his Golden Feet award. "We all know the socks are not missing at all—they're behind the dresser, if America would just look."

JANUARY 7. *Washington Post* editorial. "The commission admittedly could not fulfill its mandate completely. But the critics miss the point. Does the Energy Department give us any energy? The Commerce Department indulge in actual commerce? The Education Department educate anyone? This type of thinking is dangerous.

"John Q. Public, from Peoria, Illinois, summed it up best. 'We can put a man on the moon, but can't find our missing socks. It's a national disgrace.' "

JANUARY 15. Representative Ed Markey (D., Mass.) today introduced a bill that would create a Federal Department of Missing Socks. "I know it is fashionable today to downgrade the role of government in our lives," the symbolically barefoot Markey said in a speech on the House floor. "But we have suffered too much and waited too long for the Big Sock Cartel to regulate itself."

JANUARY 31. A House committee heard testimony today in support of Representative Markey's bill. The congressmen attending the hearing received a not-so-subtle message from lobbyists for the bill—a dirty sock, left on their desks, with a note saying, "You found me. But where are my 49 million brethren?"

THE FIRST witness was the well-known astronomer Carl Sagan. "The ancient Egyptians believed that where your missing sock was, so your spirit would go upon your death," he said. "And today, it is reported that an astronaut lost one of his socks in space. In this vast universe, there are billions and billions of missing socks . . . other civilizations perhaps have the answer."

The next witness, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, pointed out to the committee that while only 72 per cent of socks manufactured each year are nonwhite, 91 per cent of the socks listed as missing in action are nonwhite. Jackson announced that his next diplomatic rescue mission will take him to Laundromats nationwide, to "free the hostages of our own neglect and indifference. . ." Jackson left the committee with the slogan, "The Pentagon puts us in hock while we can't find our socks."

A Sierra Club representative, Mr. Greenjeans, next spoke of the environmental impact of missing socks. "They are like a ticking time bomb in the fragile ecology of the food chain. Over the past 15 years, 875 million socks have disappeared. They could show up anywhere, any time. The answer is strict conservation of old socks. I've worn the same pair for seven weeks now." The hearings a expected to conclude tomorrow, wh the committee will take up a bill fund research into why tornadoes ways hit trailer parks.

FEBRUARY 1. Economist John Ke neth Galbraith stunned a House co mittee by predicting imminent so shortages "within the next year." cited what he called the "double-lo factor, meaning that when you l one sock, the other becomes usel also. Unless "sock piles" are built Galbraith warned, sock shortages a a distinct possibility.

FEBRUARY 11. The nation's so shortage has grown worse in the l three days, according to a *New Yo Times*/CBS News poll. Thirty-two p cent of Americans surveyed said th had "some difficulty" in buying pair of socks. And 28 per cent sa that they had bought at least fi pairs recently as a result of the r mored shortage. Rumors abound tankers off the coast loaded w socks, waiting until the price rises.

FEBRUARY 20. Senator Lowell Weic er (R., Conn.) today pledged to su port the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Co erage bill, which would guarant each American a sock. "Howeve cautioned Senator Weicker, "no soc will be given away unless the reci ent shows a bare foot at a sock-d tribution center."

FEBRUARY 26. Attorney General l Meese created a firestorm of contr versy by commenting that, in his opi ion, many Americans along beachfro areas and in the Deep South "volu tarily go barefoot," and that ma who come to federal sock-distributi centers to pick up socks do so "on to get an extra pair." Critics call Meese's remarks "callous."

Mr. Dame, a writer living in Orford, N Hampshire, wears argyles himself, but political views run to white cotton kn with padded arch and reinforced toe.

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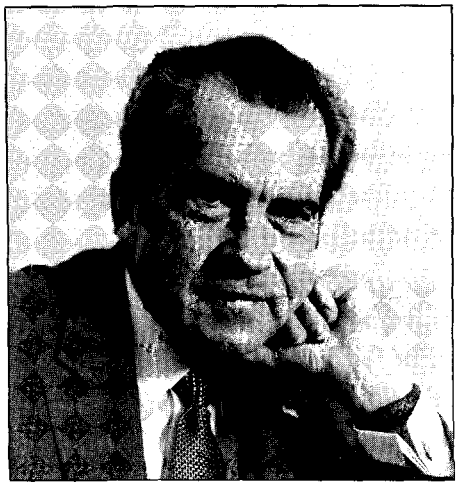
GET IT FREE!

Richard Nixon's toughly realistic

HOW TO LIVE WITH THE BOMB

This is the former President at his best—right on target. "How to Live with the Bomb" is a cool, clear, unsentimental appraisal of where we (all of us) stand today. Like it or not, THE BOMB is a dangerous fact of political life, and Nixon's concern is to show us how to make the best of that fact. Given his subject, this is a surprisingly upbeat statement. When Mr. Nixon observes that "the only sane purpose for arms in the nuclear age is to avoid war," and follows that by declaring, "I do not believe that there will be another world war. Putting it bluntly, the United States wants peace, and the Soviet Union needs it," and explains why, the gloom and doom feeling begins to lift. The picture of a world that can be free from nuclear war comes into focus.



"The Soviets' goal is victory without war. Ours is peace without victory. Thus the major danger to the U.S. is not nuclear war but surrender to nuclear coercion."

Mr. Nixon is justly credited for his grasp of recent history, and nowhere is it more evident than in this cogent article. In fact, we feel it's so important that we're sending it to you as a FREE bonus with this special introductory offer: 15 big issues of *National Review* for $17.95. That's our bargain rate for new subscribers and, this time, you also get the Nixon article as a FREE bonus! Use the card facing this page now to get *National Review* (the best journalism in America today, we say!) plus "How to Live with the Bomb." A double-header offer like this doesn't come along every day. Make sure you don't let this one get away. Just fill out the handy postpaid card and mail it back to us today. You'll start getting President Reagan's favorite magazine regularly, as well as the important Nixon article. Do it today.

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ABROAD

PRAGUE *Stirrings*

A renewal of religious enthusiasm in Czechoslovakia has begun to supplant the civil-rights Charter 77 group as the target of persecution by the Communist government of this country. The enthusiasm came to a head last summer at a celebration at Velehrad in Moravia of the 1,100th anniversary of the death of St. Methodius, the apostle to the Slavs, which was attended by 100,000 Roman Catholics. Pope John Paul II was represented by the papal secretary of state, Cardinal Agostino Casaroli, who delivered a sermon. The Czech minister of culture, Milan Klusak, who was also present, was the subject of catcalls and jeers. The ensuing uproar led the government to cancel Cardinal Casaroli's scheduled appointments in Prague, which were intended to explore the state of the Czechoslovakian church. Polls show that in spite of persecution 36 per cent of Czechs over 15 in Catholic districts of the country are believers. (The corresponding figure for Protestants is slightly lower, but still impressive.) Cardinal Frantisek Tomasek, the 86-year-old archbishop of Prague, has told visitors that he is optimistic about the future of the church in Czechoslovakia, now that the government understands the real strength of religious sentiment among the Czechs. Nevertheless, formidable barriers to faith remain. Priests cannot be ordained without government approval; parents must have permission for their children to receive religious instruction; priests who disobey the rules governing catechism are deprived of their licenses and forced to work as laborers. A Communist publication recently accused the church of "raving hostility" toward the government and asserted that, since the Pope supported "aggressive circles of imperialism," strong resistance would have to be applied to "reactionary clericalism."

MOSCOW *Evolution*

If you looked up *advertising* in the Great Soviet Encyclopedia in the Stalin era of forty years ago, you would have found it defined as "a means of swindling the people and foisting upon them goods frequently useless or of dubious quality." If you look it up today, you will find quite a different definition. The Soviets are now told that advertising is "the popularization of goods with the aim of selling them, the creation of demand for these goods, the acquaintance of consumers with their quality, particular features, and location of their sales, and explanation of the method of their use."

ROME *What Is in Names?*

Territorial grievances, once embedded in history, die hard. Even in today's streamlined Europe, they continue to fester. A recent visit by the chancellor of Austria to the Italian capital provides a case in point. The visit was supposed to be concerned with questions of transport and trade, but it soon became dominated by discussions of the situation in the mountainous province of Alto Adige, on Italy's northeast frontier. The Alto Adige was long ruled by Austria under the name of the South Tyrol and still contains a majority of German speakers. Incorporated into Italy in 1918 as a spoil of World War I, it has known disturbance ever since. In order to prove Italy's right to the territory, Mussolini started a practice of changing names on gravestones from German to Italian (e.g., Ludwig to Luigi). In the hope of allaying old antagonisms, the present-day republic of Italy pursued an enlightened policy of giving the Alto Adige a large measure of autonomy. This policy backfired with the election of a provincial government of neo-fascists representing the Italian minority. Disturbances multiplied, and the central government has decided to hold up any further measures of self-government.

LONDON *Slow Trains to China*

The train trip to end them all began at Charing Cross Station here in mid-September when 130 passengers embarked on a journey commemorating the 2,100th anniversary of the Silk Route, the fabled opening to Cathay. The trip will take 44 days, cost each passenger £5,600 ($7,300), and chug through ten countries. Voyages Jules Verne, the organizer, has spent five years on the project. Cities on the route include Paris, Salzburg, Vienna, Budapest, Istanbul, Ankara, Tiflis in Soviet Georgia, Baku on the Caspian Sea, Samarkand, Tashkent, and Alma-Ata. Once in China, the train will pass through Urumchi, Dunhuang, and Lanzhou, arriving finally at Xian, China's ancient capital and the Silk Route's terminus. Passengers will be riding in contemporary first-class compartments pulled by a variety of steam engines. Local fire departments along the route have been mobilized to provide water for the locomotives, many of them older than the passengers, whose average age is 52. In Turkey, there will be two engines in tandem to pull the train across the hilly terrain. On other stretches, there will be a second locomotive provided to haul the baggage cars. "The trip," says its sponsors, "is for travelers who like style."

Langdon, *Punch* / Rothco

"Does one have to be an East German spy to tell you how beautiful you are, Fräulein?"

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STOP SMOKING IN ½ HOUR FLAT

Even Though You Really Don't Want To Quit!

That was me. A pigheaded, "didn't want to quit", die-hard smoker. Trapped in an aggravating love-affair—with cigarettes.

Openly, I cursed their choking grip on me. Inwardly, I was totally unwilling to do anything else but puff away. Your typical chain-smoker wildly raving about kicking the habit—*and not meaning one single word.*

It was a joke. Unfortunately, the laugh was on me. The grim warnings of the Surgeon General, the American Cancer Society, and my worried doctor all went in one ear and out the other. My tobacco addiction was like a runaway train. Completely out of control and destined for disaster. *Unstoppable!*

Me give up smoking? Better ask for my right arm!

Every so often, I would make a good old college try at quitting cold turkey. Before you could say "Jack Robinson", there I'd be. Frantically scrounging in the garbage for soggy butts. As usual, my good intentions went up in smoke. I was hooked—*again.*

Who was I kidding? Smoking was an undeniable necessity. Super-important to my daily life. How I enjoyed that first eye-opening drag in the morning—that satisfying end-of-the-meal lighting up—that nerve-settling inhalation when things got hectic. Me give up all these irreplaceable pleasures? Better ask for my right arm!

Cancer or no cancer, doctor or no doctor, I loved smoking much too much to ever stop. But one day, I discovered a secret that turned my burning passion into red-hot hate. A secret that set me free in just 30 minutes flat. *Not a single cigarette in 20 years!*

Freed me in 30 minutes! Not a cigarette in 20 years!

My smoking is past-history. Gone without hypnosis, behavior modification, pills, drugs, classroom courses, nail-biting, will-power or climbing the walls. Gone without such games as switching brands, chewing gum, fake candy, diary-keeping or saving dirty stubs in a messy jar.

Gone, too, without gaining an extra ounce. Matter of fact, my wife says that I even lost a couple of pounds. And I never felt better.

Running into an old buddy brought back memories of those "didn't want to quit" days. This 3-packs-a-dayer had tried everything but still couldn't stop. He begged me to outline the details of my remarkable secret.

That night, I wrote it out in plain, step-by-step language anyone could understand and mailed him a copy. After it did the trick for my buddy, he told some of his friends. Soon, I was hunted out by pleading strangers for the same "Stop Smoking Secret."

If you can lick a stamp, you can lick your cigarette habit just as I—and they—did. I know what it's like to have that compelling urge to light up. And I know what it's like to be able to smilingly pass it by without pangs of yearning.

What's more, I know that you can honestly and truly stop smoking for keeps in half an hour flat—even if it's the last thing in the world you'd rather do. All for a ten dollar bill.

© MCMLXXXIV Stop Smoking Co.,
49 West 37th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018

Simply send for my "Stop Smoking Secret" and read it. Yes, it's as easy as that. Just *read* it. I can't tell *how* it works. It just *does*. I guarantee it, with no strings attached.

Guaranteed to work— or your next pack's on me!

If you ever start smoking again after reading my secret—and I mean *ever*—you haven't lost any money. Merely return it for a full, every-penny-back refund plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes! *My treat!*

OK. I know exactly what's running through your mind. Even with my foolproof, risk-free, money-back plus guarantee, you're still looking for a way to get out of sending for my secret. You can't fool me. It's not the money. You'll pocket 100 times your investment in cigarette savings alone. The bottom line is this: You really don't want to quit—*and you'll do anything to avoid it.*

But just this once, listen to that little voice inside your head. Just this once give in to your common sense and give my secret a "look." Watch it automatically work for you in the only way that counts. Permanent no smoking! *Or your next pack's on me!*

Stop Smoking Co.
49 West 37th St., Dept. SS-63
New York, N.Y. 10018

OK—I'll take a risk-free look. Here's my $10. Rush the "Stop Smoking Secret." If I ever start smoking again, I can return it for $11 refund. (That's $10 back plus $1 extra for a pack of cigarettes—*GUARANTEED*!)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

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JAFFA CONTRA MUNDUM

Joseph Sobran

American Conservatism and the American Founding, by Harry V. Jaffa, foreword by William F. Buckley Jr. (Carolina Academic Press, 278 pp., $27.75)

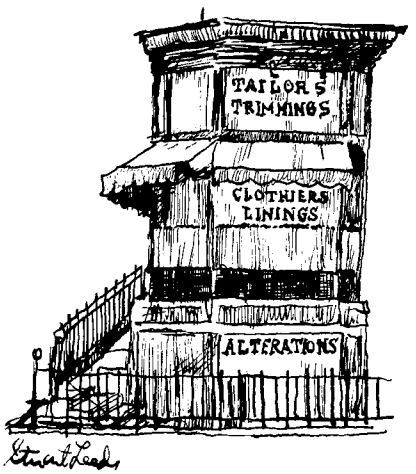
HARRY V. JAFFA's new book, *American Conservatism and the American Founding*, is a collection of occasional essays in which he applies Lincolnian principles to various contemporary issues and ideas. As usual, his main targets are other conservatives: Walter Berns, Willmoore Kendall, Irving Kristol, Martin Diamond, and George Will. All stand accused of distorting the meaning of the American founding; they are joined in the dock by Garry Wills and one or two other liberals.

As always, Jaffa's great project is the vindication of Lincoln. He holds that Lincoln, at a critical moment, kept the American political tradition in harmony with the great principles of the Declaration and the Constitution, which in turn derive from Locke, Aquinas, and Aristotle. And he contends that American conservatism has been corrupted by hostility to the Declaration, a hostility that unites such disparate men as Calhoun, Kendall, Wills, and various Marxists, along with the pro-slavery polemicist George Fitzhugh.

What's more, Jaffa places Burke in the camp of heretics: "Marx's Communist moral vision is itself adapted from the moral vision of the *ancien régime* that we find in Edmund Burke." Those who follow Burke or adhere to a pragmatic view of an undefined "tradition" or "consensus" are, to Jaffa's mind, virtually conceding the moral high ground to the Left. He gives Kristol a drubbing for discussing "human rights" largely in terms of American interests rather than in terms of first principles.

Jaffa is both lucid and elusive. At first sight he seems to be simplifying, maybe a little too much. But the more you read, the more you find that he is setting forth a complicated and hard-to-categorize version of the American tradition, which he supports not because it happens to be ours, but because he believes it to be true. He may be wrong about Burke (I think he is), but this is incidental to the philosophy he propounds.

In his long, devastating essay on Wills's book about the Declaration, Jaffa says: "Conservatives who embrace the free market, not as Abraham Lincoln did, because it implements the moral principles of the Declaration of Independence, but because it is 'value free,' are building their politics on that same 'House Divided' as the antebellum Union. For a free-market economy committed to nothing but 'consumer sovereignty' does not differ essentially from a 'popular sovereignty' that is free to choose slavery." What Jaffa speaks for is neither Wills's "communitarianism" nor laissez-faire individualism, but something like what Burke calls "civil social man, and no other." Burke also emphatically affirms natural rights, but he rejects any version of them that doesn't presuppose civil society as their practical basis. For him, as for Jaffa, Aristotle, and Justice Cardozo, a bill of rights can't be a suicide pact. Lincoln agreed.



Jaffa has hard words and a deadly scalpel for George Will's view of the American tradition as one of unbridled commercialism. Inasmuch as I have made similar criticisms of Will, it seems appropriate to note that he has lately written some columns that make, precisely and vividly, distinctions he was failing to make a couple of years ago, especially between community and collectivism and between personal freedom and egoism.

These are distinctions Jaffa elucidates in essays on the draft and Moral Majority. "In the last analysis," he writes, "all our rights depend upon our willingness not merely to tolerate each other but to defend each other. In acting to defend the nation—or union—we cannot be supposed to be defending 'lifestyles' we regard as abominable or disgusting." His attack on the supposed "rights" of sodomy and the like turns into an almost lyrical celebration of the role of *eros* in forming communities. He remarks: "Neither polygamy nor polyandry (any more than slavery) are compatible with that equality of the sexes and equality of families which is fundamental to a republican form of government." Diversity must be enclosed by moral unity: "It is a mere redundancy—but a most instructive one—to say that those who see each

Thomas Doherty is an instructor in the English Department at Mount Mercy College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Jeffrey Meyers is the author of Katherine Mansfield: A Biography, D. H. Lawrence and the Experience of Italy, *and* D. H. Lawrence and Tradition.

Alan L. Miller is an editorial writer for the San Diego Union.

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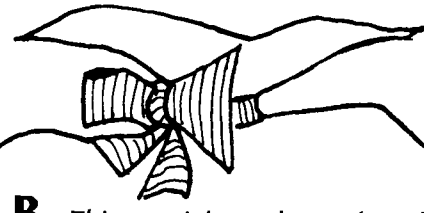

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You can use it to place your order anytime from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Fridays till 5 p.m.) Eastern time. All gifts just $25 each, for which we'll bill you later. The important thing is to do it now—shop early and often! (And an early Merry Christmas to you too.)

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other as utterly alien cannot be fellow-citizens." And by the way, it's interesting to learn that Thomas Jefferson thought castration an appropriate punishment for rape and sodomy.

Jaffa looks with favor on Moral Majority. He says shrewdly that it has been the strategy of the Left to equate moral conservatism with Biblical literalism. The Left wants to pit reason against revelation, even though it also denigrates reason and champions a debasing determinism that implies there can be no truly rational norms of behavior. Against this view, Moral Majority insists that the link between good character and good government gives the state a legitimate interest in maintaining the moral tone of society. And Jaffa shows by copious quotation that this was also the position of the men who wrote the Declaration and the Constitution.

He has a number of acute observations on contemporary politics. The New Deal, he says, consolidated and federalized the urban patronage systems, in the end, with the advent of the Great Society, stripping the big-city bosses (of whom Chicago's Mayor Daley was the last) of their old power. The "Kennedy" tax cuts were actually a bipartisan effort, and conservatives at the time rightly apprehended that the Democrats would use the surplus generated by the cuts for a new wave of spending programs. To this I would add that the deficits liberals now attribute to the "failure" of supply-side economics are only an extension of the same phenomenon: The real cause of the deficits is that federal spending has outstripped the large increase in federal revenues since Mr. Reagan took office.

Jaffa's extraordinary mind is displayed most impressively in a wide-ranging conversation with professors and students at Rosary College, in Illinois. The transcript covers 28 pages, and every paragraph is stimulating. What a teacher he must be! On the other hand, the reader's attention may flag at the long exchanges with Walter Berns, of which we have only Jaffa's side here.

The great virtue of Jaffa's work is simply that he is a philosopher in the classical tradition, discussing politics with full moral seriousness, in contrast to the terrible triviality we have come to expect on all sides in current discussion. He is really interested in universal truth. It is jolting to read him; you have to change gears from everything you are accustomed to. That is why it's a pity so few are willing to debate him at all, let alone at his own level. In conversation he always rises to the occasion, drawing on great reserves of knowledge and understanding; but in print, without worthy interlocutors, he is reduced to commenting on other men's writings without eliciting response. Now and then this makes him seem arid and repetitious. Imagine Socrates having to talk to himself.

As long as this is his fate, it would be good to see him tackle major works by other thinkers—Michael Oakeshott's *On Human Conduct*, for instance. When he corrects a Wills or a Will, he sometimes sounds as if he is grading students' papers: He concedes nothing. He needs and deserves bigger challenges, ones that might force him to deepen his own position. Which may be only to say that he is the sort of thinker who makes hungry where most he satisfies. □

FAN'S PROGRESS

Thomas Doherty

Intimate Strangers: The Culture of Celebrity, by Richard Schickel (Doubleday, 299 pp., $16.95)

THE ADMITTEDLY less than classic *Broadway Melody of 1938* manages one unforgettable movie moment: a gooey-eyed Judy Garland singing "You Made Me Love You" to an eight-by-ten glossy of Clark Gable. The teenager's star-struck serenade became emblematic of the one-sided romance between smitten beholder and celebrity beheld during Hollywood's golden era. In retrospect, one is struck less by the singer's presumption and innocence ("the very mention of your name/ sends my heart reeling") than by her deference and self-awareness ("Ah, gee, Mr. Gable, I guess you've got plenty of girls to tell you the same thing"), the mature recognition that though her yearning is real, her love is not, that this is, after all, a schoolgirl crush fed by fanzine fixation. It is a long way from Judy's archaic "mooning" to that modern incarnation of fandom gone bonkers, Rupert Pupkin, the media-drenched wacko in *The King of Comedy*, who badgers, kidnaps, and ultimately upstages the object of his obsessions, talk-show host Jerry Langford (Jerry Lewis). It is a shorter distance from Pupkin to the real-life likes of John Hinckley Jr. and Mark David Chapman.

The fan's progress from supplicant to assassin, and other "invisible connections" linking "the famous and the unfamous," are charted in *Intimate Strangers*, a passionate critique of America's "culture of celebrity" by Richard Schickel, *Time*'s marginally famous film critic. Schickel's purpose is "to isolate celebrity for what it is: a—perhaps *the*—shaping (that is to say, distorting) force in our society," a force having a "power over us almost as transcendent as our sexual and monetary desires." His argument is a Spenglerian extension of the theory that prolonged exposure to the literature of the supermarket checkout lane turns enquiring minds into silly putty. For Schickel, tabloid fever is symptomatic of a more loathsome disease, a "corruption of that process of rational communication on which a democratic political system and reasonable social order must be based." Finding culture, politics, and personal relationships in various stages of irreversible decay, the author can offer little hope for renewed national vigor. The most surprising (and depressing) thing about his bleak diagnosis—seemingly a consequence more of the crisis in modern liberal thinking than of any imminent Götterdämmerung let loose by *People* magazine—is the utter lack of faith in remedial action. No wonder it seems like a post-mortem.

Not to say that this railing jeremiad at media-infested modernity isn't fun to read. Schickel can spew venom at the flotsam of what passes for contemporary culture with an accuracy that is both telling and gratifying. His assault on "the rage for quantification" in the arts—the "plunge toward the bottom line, the score, which resolves all ambiguity, determines with brutal simplicity how we are supposed to feel"—is, literally, on the money, and an elegiac passage on the degradation of sports—"something that was, within living memory, both elegant and complex and, like art, not to be understood too readily or without trained (or anyway well-versed) intelligence"—should strike home with anyone

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who cringes at crowd orchestration by guys in bird suits. Periodically, Schickel betrays his news-weekly roots with an overripe metaphor (television: "this demanding, overgrown Venus's-flytrap that we have planted in the corner of the living room") or an unforgivable pun ("We give our disposed leaders plenty of Elbe room"), but most of his hardened pessimism and appalled outrage is discharged in a volcanic prose style that exerts a certain irresistible force as it barrels toward oblivion like a runaway locomotive. When he gets up a really good head of rhetorical steam, the next station is invariably apocalypse now:

> Sometime in the late 1950s a neutron bomb of the mind was set off, leaving the structures of our politics intact but killing most of the life that had gone on within them. The survivors are mutants, mutants who are still not aware that they have been struck by a new and terrible force.

Or:

> Irrelevant clamor drowns out such . . . hesitant discussion of the real issues of governance as takes place. The media is distracted, *we* are distracted, by every bright bit of efflorescence as drifts past the camera eye. While the monster in Washington grows like the Blob.

Or again:

> Gore Vidal calls for a new constitutional convention. . . . It is good of him to clothe the proposal in his customarily jaunty prose. But the despair that underlies it is not different from [assassin Dan] White's. Or mine. Or anyone who takes a contemplative step backward from the chaos only to find himself teetering on the brink of nothingness, voicing black humor at the edge of a black hole.

Mutants, blobs, black holes—throw in a lady scientist and the project should sail at Universal. A culture that sometimes values packaging over product may need a stern talking to, but Schickel dons his "the end is near" signboard so often he starts to sound like Chicken Little.

The study's central essay concerns what the author calls "the politics of illusion," the degeneracy of participatory democracy into "the stuff of show biz—and show biz at its least elevated, and least emotionally involving." Television, of course, is the pathological cause, a video villain that has turned American politics into a beauty contest with no talent competition. Taking up the orthodox McLuhan line, Schickel maintains "it is immaterial what a candidate says in response to press interrogation or in a televised debate." To this there are two ready replies: 1) tell that to Jerry Ford, and 2) it isn't that words have lost all meaning in politics, but that some words are heeded more than others. What Schickel really bemoans is not the end of ideology, but the seeming end of *his* ideology, the fact that the old-time liberal religion is losing its adherents, and the attrition looks to be irreversible.

This crisis of faith is all over *Intimate Strangers*, but it is nakedly evident in Schickel's too-eager authorial overtures. He appropriates a cozy first-person plural to conjure up an ideal reader who is, like the writer, urbane, humane, and doggone distressed with the shape of things. Soon, despite his proclamation of the irrelevance of modern isms, it becomes clear that "decent impulses" and "intelligence" are the special province of one political wing. In the final pages, Schickel exposes the root cause of his ideological *Weltschmerz* when he announces the death of the regenerative hope underpinning "the liberal and humane faith of most intelligent people from the Enlightenment onward." Too terrible to contemplate is the prospect that others may not be "like all of us of a liberal turn of mind." The re-election of Ronald Reagan ("the actor," "the genial host") must thus be wrenched free of its manifest ideological import and translated into a triumph of celebrity packaging, "a purely personal victory for the incumbent." "What no one wanted to admit," writes Schickel of the 1984 presidential race, "was that both ideologies were in essence irrelevant to everyone, that henceforth personality would be everything in electoral politics." It should go without saying that if the late election proved anything, it was the continuing power of political ideas to animate people—though not always in the direction Richard Schickel might like.

The obstinacy of the American public (here a/k/a the "dullards," the "idiots") is what really sticks in Schickel's craw, and, for a man of ostensibly liberal and humane faith, he ends up professing a cultural elit-

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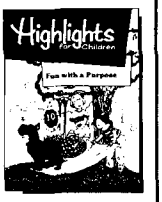

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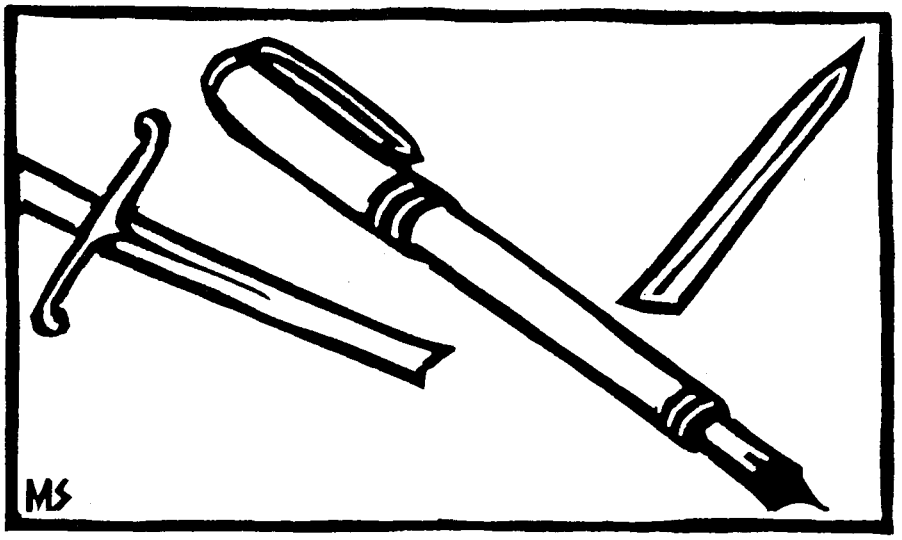
ism that T. S. Eliot would find snotty. Unable to advance convincingly either the venerable party line of state action or a Whitmanian belief in the *vox populi* (who persist in voxing the wrong tune), Schickel seeks shelter and absolution in "an endless series of critical gestures," a sort of aristocratic withdrawal from the media downpour. As the Visigoth vidiots descend, "the serious person who counts himself a member of the sensitive, considerate, plucky minority—the world's first oppressed elite—will —must—behave as if there is some kind of future for *his* kind." In the end, the language and imagery are positively medieval, a tapestry of highbrow survivalists continuing "to hold out now as they always have, preserving in their secret encampments the essence of decent civilization." Devoted viewers of *Entertainment Tonight* can zone out easy, knowing that in the bowels of some remote monastery an elite corps of implacable scribes are busy copying out back issues of *The New York Review of Books*. In longhand. □



VERMONT CANDOR

Alan L. Miller

The Essential Royster, edited by Edmund Fuller (Algonquin Books, 345 pp., $18.95)

DURING HIS distinguished career with the *Wall Street Journal*, Vermont Royster has won numerous awards including two Pulitzer Prizes for editorial excellence. The National Press Club honored him seven years ago for his lifetime of service to journalism. And in 1979 he was elected to the North Carolina Journalism Hall of Fame. Given his many accolades and accomplishments, one might expect Royster to be resting on his laurels. To the contrary, he has continued to write his column, "Thinking Things Over," while serving as professor of journalism and public policy at the University of North Carolina until 1983. Although a minor stroke ended his classroom duties, he continues the weekly column in the *Journal*.

This superb collection is full of choice Royster ruminations from the last four decades. Whether he is waxing poetic about the joys of opera or pondering the universe in general, the author's prose is a delight. At once, he conveys an acute sense of history and a philosopher's perspective. Yet there is a clarity to his style that attracts a varied audience.

That clarity is evident in two columns concerning the mass suicide at Jonestown in 1978 and the downing of KAL 007 five years later, in which 269 persons died. Reflecting upon the banality of evil, he laments that we live in an era of moral relativism. "What's new in our time," he concludes, "is not the constant appearance of mankind's inhumanity, but the disappearance of the concept of evil—that quality that breeds this cruelty, brutality, and disregard of human life."

Royster's cogent historical perspective on Lebanon and his call for a pragmatic foreign policy should be required reading in the White House. Although he acknowledges the limits of American power, the author nonetheless reminds us, "It is easy for us to slide into an attitude of resignation, forgetting there is much we can do to influence events if not control them." Similarly, his reasoned appeal for an evenhanded approach toward South Africa's problems is a pleasant change of pace from the hysterical calls for punitive sanctions.

Also refreshing are his opinions concerning the right of religious leaders to protest immoral public policies. "For reasons I cannot fathom, it's thought acceptable for those favoring abortion to demonstrate in the streets but unacceptable for others to raise their voices against it. People may organize and speak out under such names as Common Cause, but if they do so as Baptists, Methodists, or Catholics they are, so many say, undermining the American way."

Royster's disdain for self-righteousness is appropriate as he scores those so-called scholars at Duke University who prevented the Nixon papers from being placed in the campus library. Dismissing Duke's "Moral Majority," he concludes that the furor "lends credence to the canard that among university professors there are some who are educated beyond their capacity."

The media come in for their share of criticism as well. Royster points out that an adversarial press coupled with the new technology actually inhibits the free flow of information. He contrasts FDR's informal yet candid press conferences in the Oval Office with modern-day affairs and their canned responses. He recalls that Roosevelt was relaxed because he could rephrase his remarks to avoid confusion. Modern Presidents, Royster regrets, have no such latitude. They "must live in constant fear of the slip of the tongue. . . . Awkward phraseology on some matter of public import is beyond recall or correction; it is flashed around the world irretrievably." Consequently, reporters are generally left to speculate on what the President really thinks about important issues.

Royster's dismay at the declining standards in American schools is eloquent from a pundit's, a professor's, and a parent's point of view. "Public schools," he observes, "are not places where disadvantages are created. They are, or ought to be, places where disadvantages are corrected. It is not 'racism' to elevate educational standards."

Such candor is a rare commodity among American journalists. One only

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hopes that Vermont Royster continues to write his trenchant columns and that there will be future collections of his works for us to savor. □

VICARIOUS EXISTENCE

Jeffrey Meyers

Brett: From Bloomsbury to New Mexico, by Sean Hignett (Franklin Watts, 299 pp., $22.95)

DOROTHY BRETT (1882-1977) was the daughter of Viscount Esher, a power behind the throne during the late Victorian and Edwardian eras, who declined to be Viceroy of India. At the turn of the century Brett (as she was always called) took dancing lessons with Victoria's grandchildren as the old queen looked sternly on. At her first ball, she was seated next to the young Winston Churchill and later sent him fantastic plans for defeating the Huns.

But for Brett this aristocratic life was rather painful. She was rejected by her parents and bullied by her brothers, and suffered the same sort of sexual initiation that permanently damaged Virginia Woolf. When Brett was in her teens, she was molested by an older man who was a close friend of the family and perhaps the lover of her homosexual father. After 1915, she was partly sealed off from the world by deafness.

Brett's salvation came in 1910 when she broke from her background and entered the Slade School of Art in London. There she met the painters Mark Gertler and Dora Carrington, developed her talent for friendship, and was introduced to the brilliant circle of artists who gathered during the years of the Great War at Lady Ottoline Morrell's house at Garsington, near Oxford: Aldous Huxley, Katherine Mansfield, Middleton Murry, Virginia Woolf, Bertrand Russell, Frieda and D. H. Lawrence.

Brett led an essentially vicarious and often parasitic existence—"I'm afraid there is not much of me"—and lived through other people. In her teens she developed a crush on the Ranee of Sarawak (whose son married Brett's sister), and throughout her life she continued this pattern with other celebrities: Lady Ottoline, the painter Frederick Brown ("the great decaying mushroom"), Middleton Murry (who, as usual, behaved like a swine), D. H. Lawrence, and the conductor Leopold Stokowski.

Brett was 93 when I visited her squalid adobe house at the edge of the desert in Taos, New Mexico, in March 1976. She was frank and friendly, said and meant, "Ask me anything" (though I did not have the nerve to say, "Did you sleep with Murry fifty years ago?"), and made me understand why so many extraordinary people had sought her friendship.

Not much of Brett's lively and sympathetic personality emerges from Hignett's patchy and superficial biography. The quotations are strung together, the anecdotes are stale and trivial (three pages are devoted to dress bills),

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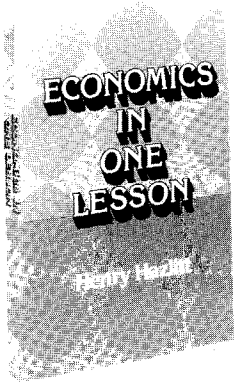

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ LAST SEPTEMBER TITLES: *Against the Current: As I Remember F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Creative Arts, $14.95), by Frances Kroll Ring, is an interesting first-person memoir by the woman who became Fitzgerald's secretary in 1939, a job she held until the author's death 39 months later. . . . Anthony Burgess's *Flame into Being* (Arbor, $15) is a rather problematical "brief literary biography" written for the D. H. Lawrence centennial.

☐ MORE OCTOBER TITLES: *The Courage of a Conservative* (Simon & Schuster, $15.95), by James G. Watt with Doug Wead, is a respectable call for solid conservative action by one of the chief and noisiest embarrassments of the Reagan Administration—to say nothing of American conservatism.

Taking Sides: The Education of a Militant Mind (Holt, Rinehart, $16.95), by Michael Harrington, is positive testimony, not to a militant mind, but to an entirely exhausted one. . . . In *The Press and the Presidency* (Oxford, $24.95), John Tebbel and Sarah Miles Watts, after examining the tentative (shading into hostile) relationship between the covered and the coverers, conclude (without plausibility) that the "imperialistic" Presidency of today is a threat to freedom of the media.

Boxen: The Imaginary World of the Young C. S. Lewis (Harcourt Brace, $13.95), by C. S. Lewis and edited by Walter Hooper, is a collection of Lewis's childhood tales (all written before his 15th year) arranged by the author's secretary.

Jesus through the Centuries (Yale, $22.50), by Jaroslav Pelikan, is a fascinating study, by a Yale professor and theologian, of the varying reinterpretations of Christ from epoch to epoch.

☐ COMING IN NOVEMBER: *The Price of the Ticket: Collected Nonfiction, 1948-1985* (St. Martin's/Marek, $29.95), by James Baldwin, includes three book-length essays—*The Fire Next Time*, *No Name in the Street*, and *The Devil Finds Work*—and fifty-odd shorter pieces, the preponderant subject of which is the relation between the races in America. —CW

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and the tone is characteristically sneering. There are also many half-truths and errors. Brett's "unpublished memoir" of Katherine Mansfield appeared in *Agenda* in 1972, and Katherine never had an affair with Bertrand Russell.

Brett expressed her own self-importance and raison d'être during the last half of her long life, when she capitalized on her three-year friendship with Lawrence, by stating: "All those Lawrence scholars want to know is whether I slept with him." This issue would therefore seem to be a crucial touchstone for understanding her life and character. All the evidence presented by Hignett contradicts his sensational conclusion that Lawrence tried to make love to Brett.

Hignett admits that she embroidered and fantasized her role in various sexual encounters and that Lawrence himself warned Ottoline: "Don't trust Brett very much; I think she doesn't quite tell the truth about herself." Brett was shy, nervous, frightened of the dark, afraid of the physical, and "feared love affairs more than bombs." She consistently retreated into enigmatic remoteness, and maintained the roles of adolescent schoolgirl, chummy sister, and maiden aunt. She had a blind adoration and hero-worship for Lawrence. But he was wary of getting involved with her and decisively rejected the "asparagus stick" on several occasions: "Better you take your own way in life. Not this closeness, which causes a strain."

Hignett naïvely accepts Brett's story, first quoted in the epilogue of the 1974 reprint of her memoir, *Lawrence and Brett* (1933), that in Ravello in March 1926, after a quarrel and temporary separation from Frieda, Lawrence entered Brett's hotel room saying, " 'I do not believe in a relationship unless there is a physical relationship as well,' although, curiously," Hignett remarks, "no woman other than Brett has ever reported that Lawrence made this a condition of their friendship." After their second unsuccessful attempt to have sex, Lawrence said: "Your pubes are wrong" ("your boobs are all wrong" in the 1974 version) and stalked out of the room. Immediately afterward, he ordered Brett to leave Ravello and never saw her again.

Lawrence's behavior in this bizarre anecdote is completely out of character. Lawrence was never promiscuous or unfaithful to Frieda after their marriage. He was not attracted to Brett and exclaimed: "I can't stand it when she clings too tight." He would not have wanted to reveal to her the impotence he suffered after his tubercular collapse in Mexico in 1925. He would never have used the expression "boobs" (or "pubes"), which was clearly based on American slang picked up by Brett in New Mexico and retroactively transposed to 1926. The whole story is surely a fantasy of Brett's to compensate for Lawrence's rejection, to make Lawrence assume Murry's role as her lover, and to provide a parallel for Frieda's affair with Angelo Ravagli, which began at that time.

Frieda called Brett a born meddler in other people's affairs, "a sore spot on the face of the earth," and "one of God's misfits." Brett considered herself "more truly Lawrence's widow" and wondered if she would leave a footprint on the earth. Though she had little talent as a painter, she outlived everyone and has survived—in Lawrence's works and in books about him—as the model for the heroines in *The Boy in the Bush*, "The Princess," "Glad Ghosts," and "The Last Laugh." ☐

FILM

MISHMASHIMA

John Simon

MISHIMA was a total misconception. You do not make a film about the life of the novelist Yukio Mishima if his widow forbids you to deal explicitly with his death and at all with his homosexuality. (The fact that the film deals *implicitly* with both does not make it more incisive.) Other members of the family, which looms large in Mishima's life, did not cooperate, and the film may actually be banned in Japan. It was no help, furthermore, that the director, Paul Schrader, does not speak Japanese, the language of the film; that the actors

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and other personnel did not speak English; that the film was written by the brothers Paul and Leonard Schrader in English, but shot from a Japanese translation by Chieko, Leonard's Japanese wife. Further obstacles were the unwillingness of the Japanese government and army to provide certain types of permissions and assistance, but by far the greatest impediment was the combined lack of talent of the Schrader brothers.

That Mishima's life was spectacular and riveting emerges plainly from two recent biographies in English, by Henry Scott-Stokes and (the better one) by John Nathan. Even such a footling anecdote about Mishima as told me by one of his translators, the late Ivan Morris—that he would announce on the phone, "I'll come to see you at 4:46 P.M., but will have to leave at 5:31," and that, despite the rigors of New York traffic, he met such schedules on the dot—makes the man sound infinitely fascinating. One reads stories about his cruising for blond boys in Greenwich Village in the company of Tennessee Williams and Truman Capote; but one also reads about his considerateness toward his wife, way ahead of the Japanese norm of the day, and wonders about this strange walking oxymoron. He would pose for a near-naked photograph as Guido Reni's St. Sebastian with a brace of arrows protruding from his body; he would write and act in semi-sleazy movies to advocate *Bushido* and show off his muscles; he turned out mediocre but highbrow novels, stories, and plays by the bushel; and he shuttled between the most modishly Western and most conservatively Japanese lifestyles.

There were, in short, contradictions, paradoxes, mysteries enough in Mishima's biography and bibliography to make a dazzling film just by recording the facts; but for that, of course, certain permissions were needed. Alternatively, one could have made a fictional film about a Mishima-like figure, but that required more imagination than the Schrader clan, Chieko included, could muster. One could also have made a film out of one of Mishima's works, as Kon Ichikawa did (fairly well) with *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, and Lewis John Carlino (poorly) with *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*. What the Schraders have concocted is more self-contradictory than Mishima's life, more inept than his worst fiction, and rather more senseless than his death.

The film combines a few fragments from the writer's life with bits and pieces of three of his novels within a framework of his last day on earth, making sure that none of these elements is done justice. The story of that last day is split up into four segments, which are then interspersed (in monochrome) with earlier biographical incidents and (in color, but with highly stylized décor) key episodes from a trio of his novels: the aforementioned *Pavilion*, *Kyoko's House*, and *Runaway Horses*. In the end, fact and fiction come together in climactic demises: one fiery self-immolation, one sado-masochistic *Liebestod*, and three *seppukus*. The strategy is not entirely unlike Griffith's in *Intolerance*, except that where we know the outcome in advance this suspense-eliciting structure elicits no suspense.

Hinting at Mishima's psychological problems is more salacious than confronting them squarely; reducing a life to a few, mostly lurid, episodes (the wife and children are mentioned once in a telephone conversation at the start, and briefly glimpsed at the concluding

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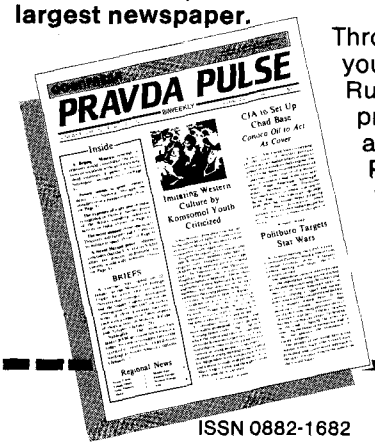

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funeral) turns it into caricature; and synopsizing three novels in less time than it takes to properly summarize one makes them into comic strips. And when Mishima's farewell address to eight hundred men from the 32nd Regiment is delivered to a handful of under-rehearsed extras, even the tragicomic gravity of that absurd manifesto urging Japan to leap back into the past is diminished.

One more example. On the eve of his melodramatic suicide, Mishima wrote a number of carefully provident letters with instructions to various members of his family, literary friends and translators, and members of the Shield Society (his private army). These letters themselves encapsulate his gaping dichotomies, kept in check by a mental effort akin to the physical one with which he built up his body from that of a wartime army reject to a fanatic body-builder's musculature as bulging as a Wagner opera. Not even such an obvious incident for inclusion appears in the film.

His death may be considered either a final crackup or a way of fusing art and life, death-haunted fiction and terrible reality. To this ambition of Mishima's, to harmonize the pen and the sword, the film does do some justice. He wanted to be, as the film quotes him, "a kamikaze for beauty," and his fear was that "when a man reaches forty, there's no chance that he will die beautifully." Though 45, he did—by his lights. But if something of this heroic-demented death does get conveyed, the oversimplified chunks from the novels are mostly confusing, and not helped by the "visual concepts" of Eiko Ishioka, described in the press kit as "Japan's most internationally prominent graphic designer," whose sets look like the Oriental version of the horrors perpetrated by Hilton McConnico for *Diva* and *The Moon in the Gutter* or, if you prefer, Madison Avenue fantasies of a Medici palazzo.

Ken Ogata looks like a cruder version of Mishima and plays the role in a foursquare, uncomplex, untormented way, lacking also Mishima's charm. John Bailey's cinematography is, as always, opulent, but so arid and dismal is the film that even Philip Glass's obtrusive and inappropriate, mindlessly nonmusical music is at least a welcome diversion.

PLENTY was a bad play by David Hare; now, scripted by him, it is a worse movie. Susan Traherne, the heroine, was, as a very young girl, a British underground courier in occupied France during World War II, something not especially credible to begin with. What English girl of 17 (never mind Meryl Streep) ever had a good enough French accent to pass? She had exciting adventures—mostly torrid one-night stands with potentially doomed parachutists—and expected a better world after victory. Instead, postwar Britain let her down every step of the way, though not nearly so badly as she did it, griping at and undermining everything and everyone around her. The victims of her discontent include Raymond, her decent, patiently suffering husband, whose diplomatic career she effectively wrecks with a repertoire extending from insulting dinner guests to institutionalization. Next, there is Mick, a working-class youth by whom, in cold blood and on some New Left theory of sociogenetics, she wants a child; when this fails, she tries to shoot the by now loving and rightly embittered fellow. Then there is Code Name Lazar, her wartime lover, now ensconced in married middle-class mediocrity, with whom she has another listless fling, further depressing them both. Among her lesser victims are the insulted guests, assaulted diplomats, employers flounced out on on a whim, and herself, such masterly destructiveness presupposing expertise in self-destruction.

The only person Susan is good to is a female hanger-on, Alice, almost as erratic as herself and much more promiscuous, but at least cheerfully so, and played by Tracey Ullman with a face like a grinning dartboard. But darts, unless poisoned, are too good for Meryl Streep, whose tics, mannerisms, posturings, and smug self-absorption wag the entire dog of a film. Even a sequence where Susan is under heavy sedation cannot stop Miss Streep from overunderacting.

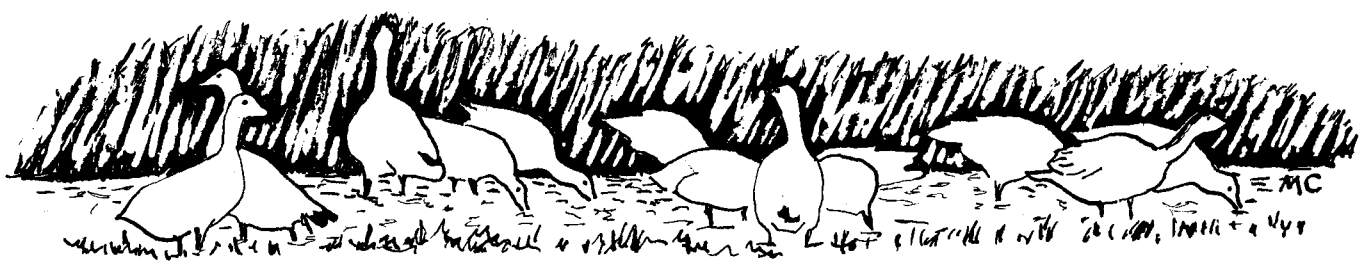
Charles Dance is believable as Raymond; Sting, as Mick. As the Big Man in the Foreign Office, Ian McKellen has dyed and curled his hair with immaculate narcissism, though what is this compared to Miss Streep's exemplary wardrobe and hairdo among the grubby peasant women of occupied France? How could Fred Schepisi, the once great director, allow such a thing? The one redeeming feature of *Plenty* is John Gielgud, whose all-too-brief appearance as an old-style diplomat disgruntled by the Suez Crisis displays such fastidious grace, such witty-sad profundity, that we feel, when we compare him to the younger actors, the sense of loss David Hare is so flailingly unable to convey. □

SOUND ON DISC

MOZART & THE BEAT

Ralph de Toledano

"LE STYLE EST LE STYLE," Alain once punned. In music, style and stylus cut differently. The critic Paul Nettl recognized this when he wrote many years ago that "the psyche of the composer is expressed most definitely in the rhythmic structure of his music"—in his "beat." That beat is something every jazz musician, from Sidney Bechet to Charlie Parker, explained in every phrase of his improvisations. It tells us why Bruno Walter could reach significantly into the music of Gustav Mahler while Toscanini made Mozart sound like a



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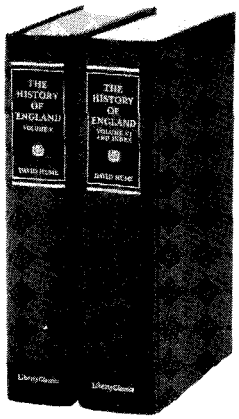
jogging Rossini. Walter understood the Mahler beat, but Toscanini missed it in Mozart.

It is in the beat that you find it. Darius Milhaud thought that he had penetrated the jazz beat in *La Création du monde*. Aaron Copland believed that he had skewered the far more complex Afro-Hispanic rhythms in *El Salón México*. Rudi Blesh, in his musicological adumbrations, ignored the beat and missed the point when he described jazz as the application of "pentatonic thinking to the diatonic scale." But Ezra Pound, in dealing with the rhythms of speech, was more on target when he proclaimed the indissoluble marriage of music to the dance. Igor Stravinsky understood what Pound was saying, but it has escaped the comprehension of conductors who, failing to recognize the Mozart beat, play the minuets of his symphonies as if they were *scherzi*.

The Mozart beat is all grace and élan and suspension—unlike the four-square authoritativeness of Beethoven's. It must be felt, not defined—and I can recall the guffaws and twitches of academic critics when Benny Goodman recorded Mozart's Clarinet Quintet with the Budapest String Quartet. Goodman was a musician of tremendous talent and sensitivity, and he could feel the Mozart beat far better than many classically trained clarinetists. (Parenthetically, I have always regretted that Goodman lacked the courage to play the Quintet or the Clarinet Concerto with a jazz vibrato—and I have the same feeling about the bland trombones in Handel's *Messiah*!) The critics were aggrieved because the Goodman road to Mozart was via a dance band.

So much for this long introduction to some comments about a Mozart collection, *Pièces pour le pianoforte*, recorded by that remarkable pianist, Paul Badura-Skoda (Astrée 40—AudioSource, 1185 Chess Drive, Foster City, Calif. 94404). These pieces—two fantasias, an adagio, a minuet, a *petite gigue*, and variations on *Ah, vous dirai-je, Maman*, that lilting little tune on which my mother taught me the French alphabet—are not "major" Mozart. Yet as played by Badura-Skoda on a Schantz, the piano contemporary to Mozart, they open wide doors to the full appreciation of his music. (The modern concert piano, with its power and sonority,



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This new edition, with modernized typography, is based on the posthumous edition of 1778, the last to contain corrections by Hume. William B. Todd, Kerr Centennial Professor in English History and Culture at the University of Texas at Austin, has provided a new Foreword in Volume I. Hume's own cumulative index may be found at the conclusion of Volume VI.
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obscures the Mozart beat and the Mozart purpose.)

Hearken to Badura-Skoda: "The use of an ancient pianoforte does not by any means guarantee an authentic reproduction. Indeed, a great adaptation is required of today's pianists, because our hands have become too heavy and massive owing to the increase in the mechanical weight and the depths of the keys. This means first of all that the playing usually based on the weight of the arm and of the hand must be replaced, on [an old] pianoforte, by a delicately articulated, purely digital playing. This is the only possible way of achieving the many subtle articulations and above all the nuances of staccato playing that are essential to eighteenth-century music."

Badura-Skoda has made that adaptation and achievement. If you are accustomed to the fluidity of the Mozart piano performances of Artur Schnabel or Edwin Fischer, this recording will come as a surprise and perhaps a shock. For what Badura-Skoda gives us lies athwart the measured mellifluousness that we tend to consider Mozartean: harsh chords, sudden rests, dynamic fluctuations, finger-busting passages, coruscating brilliance, and always the beat. Notions of the "objectivity" of classicism disappear and we are presented with a musical *Geist* that rejects the traditional idea that a clear dichotomy exists between the pre- and post-Beethoven eras. The Schantz piano is instrumental to this, but it is Badura-Skoda's intuition and scholarly researches that are the guarantors.

It is, of course, a quantum leap from these beautifully executed piano pieces to Mozart's *Requiem*. The Mass for the dead carries itself, unless it is contrived by someone with a bone through the nose. In contemplating this *Requiem*, we are plunged into biographical conjecture, for we will never know how much of it is Mozart's, and how much is Franz Xavier Süssmayr's. Süssmayr, a pupil of Mozart's and the father of a child by Mozart's promiscuous wife, Constanze, claimed that he had completed the unfinished score following the dead composer's instructions. A new recording (Angel-EMI, DS-38216) by the Chœurs et Orchestre de Paris—directed by Daniel Barenboim, with soprano Kathleen Battle, mezzo Ann Murray, tenor David Rendall, and bass Matti Salminen

—superior though it is to previous releases, is of little help in deciding what is genuine Mozart, what is Süssmayr.

Musicologists have debated this point for hundreds of years. But they are defeated by Süssmayr's devotion and understanding of Mozart. He worked with Mozart's notes and sketches, the extent of which we do not know, and he was able to put together a rounded score. The *Requiem* is hardly Mozart's greatest work, and probably would not have been had he finished it. But it still ranks importantly in the Mozart catalogue. And in this beautiful and earnest transcription, we still have a "*Dies Irae*" that may have been the dying Mozart's celebration of his Judgment Day. □

DELECTATIONS

WIDOW'S WEEDS

Nika Hazelton

ODD THINGS will happen in small Italian towns like Monte Porzio near Rome, where I spent a lot of time with relatives as a child. Among their friends in Monte Porzio were two sisters and a brother who had lived together all of their lives in their ancestral *palazzino* down our street. They lived off the income from their olives and grapes as did my relatives, administering their estates shrewdly, if not too honestly. But since the peasants who worked the estates were also shrewd and not too honest, each side fully deserved the other. The elderly sisters were animated small-town Italian women who talked incessantly, frequently contradicting each other, but they were united, and most solidly so, in keeping their brother in his place. He was a tall, wispy, and rather disheveled man, who never spoke; even as a child I noticed his continuous silence in all but the most direct matters. He worked very hard and never seemed to do anything but work or go to church.

All the local people admired him and envied his sisters. They kept the poor man under strict control at all times. He had to account to them for every minute of his time, telephone if he would be so much as five minutes late returning home, and send a messenger if he was delayed by his work in the vineyards and olive groves. His bedroom could only be reached by passing through his sisters' bedroom; so that even during the night, he was virtually a prisoner. Well, that was the way things were in that family, and Monte Porzio shrugged its shoulders and thought no more about it.

He died rather unexpectedly, and then the bombshell exploded as he was being buried. Along with most of the town's inhabitants, my aunt and uncle had taken me along to the cemetery to toss a handful of earth onto the grave of the honored dead. I was about to do this when an amazon of a woman, dressed in deepest mourning, her face veiled, surged forward, dragging a little boy by either hand. She looked and acted like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, about whom I had just learned in school. "Halt," she said in loud tones, "and let my little boys stand by their father's grave, for who is more entitled to it than my boys?" The enormity of this was such that even the two sisters, dressed all in black but not in widow's weeds, retreated before the unknown woman. She and her boys then knelt before the grave, praying in an ostentatious manner for the soul of the dead man, and praying even louder for his relatives who had made him so unhappy during his lifetime. The funeral ended in shambles. The woman in her deep mourning retreated, dragging the two little boys with her.

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She was what she had claimed to be: the deceased's legitimate widow and the rightful heir to his share of the properties, which were considerable. She got them, too, taking his sisters to court and handling her case so skillfully that they agreed to pay up.

How had the brother managed to acquire a wife and children, guarded as he was by his sisters? He found a shrewd and willing peasant to dally with when he was working in the vineyards and olive groves. He married her in the nearby town of Rocca Priora, where both parties were unknown, finding an acquiescent priest to complete the civil ceremony; the documents were in perfect order. I cannot say that anybody was sorry for the sisters in Monte Porzio; general sympathy was shown to the legitimate widow. However, she did not come to live in our little town, but remained in nearby Frascati, in a nice little house, where curiosity took me to see her years later. All she would say about the case was: "*Ah, signora mia, bisogna saper fare*," that is, "You have to know how to do things." ☐

THE GIMLET EYE

BITCHING AGAIN

D. Keith Mano

GET SOME Xylocaine, slip on your re-entry shield, I'm back again, wired and mean, with another list of things that blow my porch light but good.

The Great Euphemism Plague. We'll need simultaneous translation from English to English soon. I don't mind instrument panel for dashboard. Or the garbage dump that became a sanitary landfill. But "full-figured" once meant Raquel Welch to me—now it's the code word for just plain fat. People with a handicap are mentally or physically "challenged." And the truant officer is gone (along with truants, I suppose). Please refer to him as an "attendance teacher" henceforth. God forfend we should face any distasteful truth. Next they'll call AIDS "the Great Communicator."

Anyone wearing a wristwatch alarm. They go off just when I'm about to hit my boffola punchline. Pure pretension: like having yourself paged in a hotel lobby.

Theater advertisements that don't mention the playwright. Or list his name in no-point type.

Whoever invented the breakfast conference.

Holy cards. I mean, what do you do with them? I get a triptych-worth from well-intentioned readers each week. Who can throw Jesus in the incinerator? Is it theologically correct to use Blessed St. Homoousius of Pyatigorsk as a bookmark? I do appreciate the concern for my soul. Someone start worrying about my closet space now.

Jacket blurbs that give away the entire plot.

People who won't invest in my cat rental service. Listen now: some soleworn salesman hits the Holiday Inn. His TV will only bring in an Amish variety show. Window looks out on Downtown Polyspermia. What to do? Ring the desk for bourbon and a tab-

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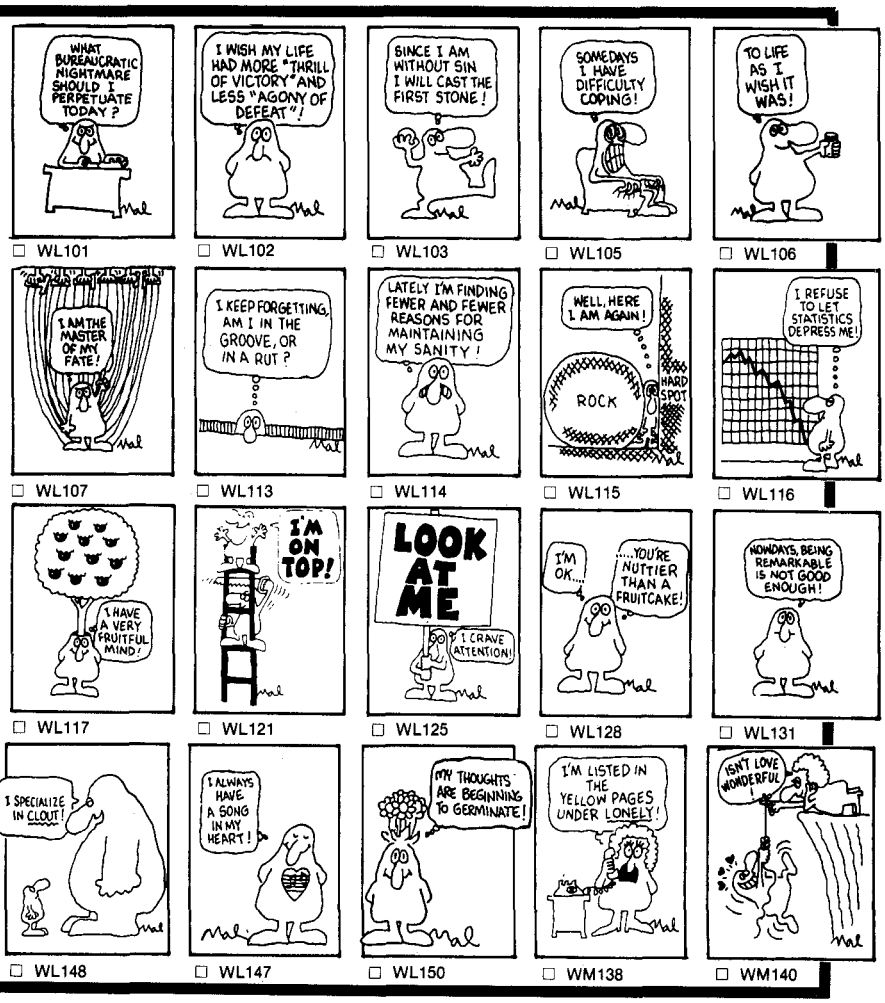
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by. Or calico. Or Siamese. A warm thing to shove off your head at 5 A.M., just like home. It's $12.50 per night, plus litter box (comes with one of those sanitized paper liners around the rim). Harry Helmsley, clip this page.

Ceiling lights. Show me any ceiling-lit apartment and I'll show you people who are somewhat less well-read than a hydrangea.

The phrase "middle-aged man." Who is this unfortunate person? I'm 43, could it be me? How do you tell? Is it when your barber said, for the first time, "May I shave inside your ears, sir?" Advice on this matter semi-graciously accepted.

Verbal affectation in popular music. These Snocane snorters were better off with doo-wah-wah-dop. Now and then they try to be poetical. Yesterday I heard, da-dee, "let your inhibitions run wild." What does that imply? I should chase around like a manic repressive? And then that snorer about missing the rains in Africa. (Already a somewhat suspect whim. They should sit for one day in some un-aluminum-sided Congolese hut.) There is this line, I'm serious, "like a lepress on Mount Kilimanjaro." Ho, Hemingway, they think. A little art. Except it was a female leopard, not a female leper frozen up there, last I read. Some complain that you can't hear the lyrics in rock music. Some don't know how well off they are.

Crayons on a restaurant table: the *dernier cri* today. Makes me think I'm paying $112.50 to eat in some Montessori school.

New York businessmen who tell me, "I just got a long-distance call from L.A." I'm not impressed. A *local* call from L.A., now that might be worth mentioning.

Nylon knee-highs on women. I want to ask, "So, did your pantyhose break off?"

The natural look on women. Natural is just another word for lazy. The longer the relationship, the more natural she'll get. Unshaven is also a natural look. Do I ever get praise for it?

The pepper grinder. It's one man, I swear, short and Gallic as a French sleeve, I see him running up Columbus Avenue from restaurant to restaurant. Fresh pepper, sir? Why does Pierre-Claude always ask that *before* you've tasted? How do I know yet, *espèce d'imbécile*? But if I've taken one forkful and it's bland as Murine,

where is Jean-Jacques then? Up the block at another restaurant.

Any mail that says URGENT, DATED MATERIAL.

Brilliant, stirring radio commercial music. Why should all that powerful and suggestive art be in the service of product promotion? It isn't fair. Such talent oughta hype God, America, something substantial. Yet, dammit, the General Tire song *moves* me. Yes, sooner or later, yes, I will, I will own *General*.

Novocaine that starts working one hour after you leave the dentist's chair. Until bedtime then you devour your own lower lip and talk like some kind of stroke victim.

Getting my hair pinned in a movie theater. I lean back. Someone behind puts his knee up on my headrest. I lean forward. Yaagh, rambo, first blood, it's scalp city. Meanwhile, natch, I've put my feet in the crack of the unoccupied seat up ahead. And someone sits down. Yaagh, instant podiatry at that end. But who can afford to leave a foot on the floor—where this spilled and rancid chocolate milkshake has been oozing forward like Fafnir since curtain up? All for $6.50 per admission.

When I accidentally button a cuff over my watch. Then put on the long-sleeved sweater. Then jacket. Then overcoat. Then some ripe durf asks me the time. And I haveta strip half-naked so he can say my watch must be fast.

Insecure people. Insecurity has become the moral *laissez-passer* in America. Someone insults me at a cocktail do. Later he'll say, "Forgive me, I'm insecure. My mother wanted an akita instead. . . ." Or someone welches on you. "Gee, I'm sorry. I've got this metal plate on my liver. I'm insecure." Confess that you're a nervous wimp in therapy and you can screw anyone.

Recent mid-magazine page makeup in *NR*. Like staring at an ant migration on beach sand. Take the April 19, 1985, issue: there were eight column breaks in *twenty* pages. Is our upper-case machine broken? And they call this a capitalist magazine. Some change of pace, please.

Better watch it, Keith, they'll etaoin shrdlu you. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

That Noble Science of Politics, by Stefan Collini, Donald Winch, and John Burrow (Cambridge, 385 pp., $49.50; $14.95, paper)

"THE ESSENCE of Toryism is enjoyment," wrote Walter Bagehot in 1856. "Over the 'Cavalier' mind this world passes with a thrill of delight." By leaving an abstract discussion of "Toryism" for an engaging portrait of an ideal Tory character—in the midst of reviewing Macaulay's *History*—Bagehot suggests his own approach to the "science of politics": Systematic exposition is less apt than the fragmentary attempts of journalism to catch the paradox and wide human experience with which politics must deal. The 11 essays in this book avoid "simplifying the complexity of the intellectual life" of Bagehot and others "into a conveniently unified story." Rather than begin with an ideology or the present

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form of political science and explaining anachronistically how earlier writers contributed to it, this book attempts to understand them in their own terms. The science of politics was now attracted to history, now to philosophy, as suggested by the range of figures treated here: David Ricardo, Jeremy Bentham, Macaulay and both Mills, Sir Henry Maine, Alfred Marshall, and many others. But the problem with the resulting complexity is that it's so—well, complex. Not that the book is without humor: "the longer [Henry Sidgwick] studied the brochures for utopia, the more he warmed to the idea of staying at home." Most of the writing, however, is for the specialist. The non-specialist needs to begin with Gertrude Himmelfarb's excellent *Victorian Minds*, even if the theme and dramatis personae are somewhat different. That probably would not bother these writers, who understand their topic "less as representing a steady accumulation in the family bank balance and more as a collection of heavy, awkward, unfashionable pieces of Victorian furniture bequeathed by several remote and slightly dotty aunts . . ."

DAN RITCHIE

Hawaii under the Rising Sun, by John J. Stephan (University of Hawaii, 240 pp., $17.95)

FOR FORTY YEARS historians have passed over Japan's wartime invasion threat to the Hawaiian Islands,

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THE AMERICAN Immigration Control Foundation, a tax-exempt organization including on its honorary advisory board Holmes Alexander, Reed Irvine, Clare Boothe Luce, and Phyllis Schlafly, has been sponsoring some very good work lately that flatly contradicts the optimistic conclusions of such pro-immigration conservatives as Professor Julian Simon, Patrick Buchanan, Arthur Laffer, Tom Bethell, and the editorial writers at the *Wall Street Journal*. I have before me several of its publications, each of them eminently worth the reading and available at $2 each from the AICF, P.O. Box 525, Monterey, Va. 24465: *Sentiment or Survival: The Crisis in the Immigration Policy of the United States*, by M. E. Bradford (formally out of print, but available in copy to those who persist); *The Coming Triumph of Mexican Irredentism*, by B. A. Nelson; and *Illegal Immigration: Job Displacement and Social Costs*, by Donald L. Huddle, Arthur F. Corwin, and Gordon J. MacDonald. The latter in particular has caused a stir in circles where the issues surrounding the policy problems created by the flood tide of illegal immigration to the United States are hotly debated.

Sentiment or Survival is an eloquent attack upon the clichés that have been regularly mustered by the proponents of the "open border"—old chestnuts on the order of "this is after all a nation of immigrants," "the international rights of man," and the "huddled masses yearning to breathe free." To listen to some of the statements made in Congress while such pieces of legislation as the Simpson-Mazzoli bill are debated, or to read such decisions as that handed down by the U.S. Supreme Court in *Plyler* v. *Doe* in 1982 (whereby the Court granted illegal aliens the right to public education in the American school system), one might easily form the opinion that our elected, as well as our appointed, officials are more devoted to the welfare of citizens of almost any other place than they are to the well-being of Americans; yet, as Bradford reminds us, "The first law of every society, even the condition of its gestures of generosity, is that it puts the needs of its own members ahead of the needs of outsiders." After tracing the history and purpose of American immigration law, from the Act to Establish an Uniform Rule of Naturalization in 1790 to the disastrous amendments added in 1965 to the Immigration and Naturalization Act of 1952, Bradford attributes our present paralysis in the face of the immigration crisis to the unwillingness of every branch of government to "act out its valid perception of dangers to come by enforcing the law as it stands: to perform, with the political version of character, 'an act of conservatism rather than of intolerance.' "

And what are these "dangers to come"? According to B. A. Nelson they are sufficiently grave that the strictly economic problem is almost as nothing by comparison: "Given a continuation of present demographic trends, it is as certain as any projection of the future can be that by the year 2080 the United States will have begun a process of geopolitical dissolution initiated by the proximate triumph of Mexican irredentism." Perhaps the growing call for Chicano separatism in the Southwest will resemble the Francophone separatism of Quebec. Perhaps, sometime in the coming century, the United States will recognize the "nation of Azatlan," or perhaps it will simply cede Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California to Mexico. In any event, "it is beyond denial that, given already long-established demographic trends, such a geopolitical route of the U.S. will occur and that it will precipitate a further legal or de facto Balkanization of the remnant nation."

In the short run, however, the economic question may be the chief one, to which Donald L. Huddle, an economist at Rice University, has made a major contribution. Having carefully studied the economic impact of illegal aliens (mostly Mexicans) on the Houston metropolitan area in 1982-83, Huddle and his associates estimate that "for every one hundred undocumented workers at least 65 U.S. workers are displaced or remain unemployed," and that the situation in Houston is probably similar to that in other affected American cities (especially Los Angeles, the largest Hispanic city in the U.S.). Space does not permit anything like a detailed summary of this dense study: Suffice it to note that the cost to Americans thrown out of their jobs, or not informed of jobs available (at cheap wages from which no FICA contribution is deducted, no taxes drawn) through the "pipeline" to "Hispanics only," or prevented from accepting entry-level jobs, is around $35 billion per year, when compounded by the cost of the illegals' use of tax-supported programs and the intensification of "structural" poverty. Here is the most effective rebuttal so far printed to the myth of illegal workers as a "windfall" for the United States and a blessing in disguise to its economy. □

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describing it either as the aberrant plan of a few unrealistic officers of the Imperial Japanese Navy or else just as operations to "harass" those American possessions—which is much like suggesting that if there had been no December 7 attack on Pearl Harbor, then there could not have been any plans for such a fantastic-seeming scheme. This excellent book by a professor of Japanese history begins to correct the error. Whereas others have stopped with the destruction of the four aircraft carriers Admiral Yamamoto had deployed around Midway Island, this historian carries well beyond that event to detail what was to have been the taking of Palmyra and Johnston Islands to get within fighter and bomber range of the Hawaiian Islands; this was to have been followed by the capturing of the big island of Hawaii and, after that, Oahu and its military bases. Further, Professor Stephan includes documents and interviews showing (or at least pointing to) civilian and government studies for political and economic restructuring once the islands had been subdued. Professor Stephan's largest contribution may be that of drawing aside the curtain that has concealed the understandable and honorable loyalty many Japanese-Americans felt to the land of their birth, education, or culture. "[It] has been common to write as if their 'loyalty' [to the United States] were a self-evident, quantifiable phenomenon. In the justifiable impulse to indict the relocation of West Coast Japanese and Japanese-Americans and to highlight the heroic achievements of *nisei* in American military uniforms, writers have in many cases dealt simplistically with what is full of complex nuances and ambiguities. The experience of [Japanese-Americans] in the Imperial Japanese Army and Navy and in wartime Japanese educational and research institutions has been . . . a neglected subject."

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The Flower and the Leaf: A Contemporary Record of American Writing since 1941, by Malcolm Cowley (Viking, 390 pp., $22.50)

MALCOLM COWLEY'S latest collection of essays and reviews opens with the usual revisionist two-step around the facts of a misspent youth, this one executed in an introduction by editor Donald W. Faulkner: "Cowley never joined the Communist Party, but he became a so-called fellow-traveler and, he says, a fervent one for a time. One finds it hard to connect his generally benign spirit with fervor, and in any case the feeling had largely ebbed away before the Russo-German Pact." (Compare and contrast, say, Alfred Kazin's memories of Cowley's "sophisticated literary Stalinism" or Edmund Wilson's 1940 letter accusing Cowley of "carrying on in a way that matches *The New Masses* at its worst . . . you seem to have given hostages to the Stalinists in some terrible incomprehensible way.") This evasive slither notwithstanding, *The Flower and the Leaf* contains at least half a dozen pieces of genuine interest, among them a witty diatribe against academic jargon called "Sociological Habit Patterns in Linguistic Transmogrification" and a group of essays in praise of James Thurber, Joseph Mitchell, John O'Hara, and—brace yourself—James Gould Cozzens. ("*Guard of Honor* . . . is still the most thoughtful, the most brilliantly organized, and the best-written of all the American novels that deal with World War II.") Most of *The Flower and the Leaf* is dull and dated, though, and it's hard to understand why Mr. Cowley and his various editors have persisted in quarrying book after book out of a now-tedious body of literary journalism that Flannery O'Connor summed up deftly in a 1953 letter: "Somebody was telling me that Malcolm Cowley had delivered himself of an essay in the last *Harper's Magazine* on the state of the novel. He didn't find them now as good as in the '30s when folks were protesting. I didn't rush out to buy one."

TERRY TEACHOUT

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and Soviet-bloc advisors. Henry Kissinger, who was then Secretary of State, met Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, who was uneasy about the MPLA and Marxism. It was agreed that South Africa would be encouraged to invade Angola and clean out the Cubans. In the fall of 1976 some two thousand South African troops routed 12,000 Cubans and were poised to capture Luanda when the United States, reeling from Vietnam and Watergate, reneged on its promise of support. South Africa, miffed at being expected to carry on alone, withdrew—and the MPLA-Cuban-Soviet cabal won the day.

The FNLA collapsed overnight, and is now a spent force. Savimbi took UNITA back to the bush. Everyone assumed Angola was irrevocably Marxist. America refused to accord diplomatic recognition to the MPLA, and at first the Organization of African Unity (OAU) was evenly divided between the MPLA and UNITA. But after South Africa quit Angola and the Cubans seemed there to stay, the OAU recognized the MPLA government.

No one, not even the South Africans, gave UNITA a chance. Based in the desert country to the east, Savimbi steadily graduated his guerrilla war against the Cubans and the MPLA. Using mostly captured Soviet equipment, and gaining more and more supporters from the rest of Angola, he began winning and expanding his territory. In 1979, as if suddenly awakening to the fact that the Cubans were in trouble, South Africa began giving UNITA material support. So did some African and Arab countries. America was prevented from giving any aid by the Clark Amendment, since rescinded.

"Yes, we get aid from South Africa; we accept it from anyone who will help us," says Savimbi. "Anyone who wants foreign troops out of Africa and Russian imperialism curtailed should be helping us. But we do our own fighting—no one is helping us there."

While UNITA has generally had trouble getting favorable publicity abroad, it gained a measure of success in the spring of 1985 by hosting an international conference of anti-Communist guerrillas from Afghanistan, Laos, Cambodia, Nicaragua. The success of the largely symbolic network of anti-Soviet "freedom-fighters" can be deduced from the denunciation emanating from Radio Moscow about the "pirates, bandits, CIA-puppets" of UNITA.

If UNITA wins the war, it will have done so virtually alone, isolated, ignored, dismissed by the West, which has underrated it and, apart from token aid, left it on its own. This may turn out to be Savimbi's greatest asset, for what he and UNITA have done has been done alone. He can never be called anyone's puppet.

If Savimbi is the strength and inspiration of UNITA, he's also its vulnerability. Without him, it's doubtful UNITA could be effective. The greatest danger UNITA faces at this stage of the war is, I suspect, assassination. If Savimbi were murdered, the most effective anti-Soviet element in southern Africa would be crippled. A system that will risk sponsoring the assassination of the Pope would certainly not shrink from trying to eliminate a pesky black African leader who stands a chance of defeating Soviet imperialism in Africa. □

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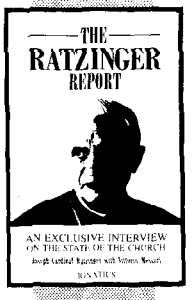

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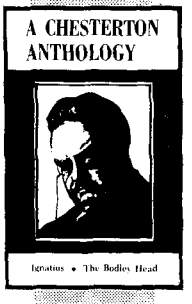

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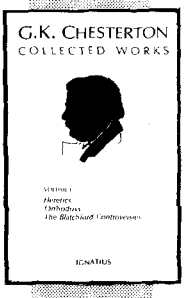

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GENEVA COMING UP

NEW YORK, SEPT. 30

IT IS THE eve of the showdown in Geneva, and the talk continues to revolve around a so-called "basic bargain" that is strikingly unsatisfactory to the West and, *a fortiori*, to the United States. Last weekend Henry Kissinger analyzed the basic bargain and its weaknesses. The strength and focus of his mind were never clearer, and it is worth committing to memory the thrust of that analysis.

What is it that would be hailed as a great victory for disarmament in Geneva? A reduction of 10 per cent in our nuclear weapons? Twenty? Fifty? But not even a reduction of 75 per cent, which is not going to happen, would meaningfully alter the existing invitation to apocalypse, for the simple reason that a single launcher, with the advent of MIRV technology, can carry up to 15 deadly weapons and land them with utter precision. This boils down to the need to survive a first-strike capability. As long as the Soviet Union has such a capability there cannot be security.

Now the basic bargain toward which the Soviet Union is orienting us calls for the reduction of launchers by 25 per cent (meaningless); okaying continued research, repeat research, on Star Wars but without testing (meaningless); and a reaffirmation of the ABM Treaty (fatal).

Under the ABM Treaty, the United States already has the right to research; is doing so, as is the Soviet Union. Moreover, under the treaty, the United States already has the right to test within earth space, which we have been doing, as also the Soviet Union. What the ABM Treaty deprives us of is the right to test in space. And this we need to do in order to pull Star Wars out of the laboratory. In the absence of a genuine neutralization of the first-strike capability of the Soviet Union we have no intelligent recourse other than to develop our defensive capability. And that calls either for modification of the ABM Treaty: or for its cancellation.

Now the strategy of the Soviet Union, showcased by Gorbachev's Mad-Man Muntz salesmanship for the benefit of Western journalists ("Mad-Man Muntz is giving away everything in his shop! For practically nothing! Muntz is Mad, but YOU are the winner!"), is to mount massive pressure on the United States to surrender on the one point the Soviet Union cares about, namely our refined technology in the development of a defensive capability. Eliminate the Soviet Union's first-strike potential and you have eliminated, for the first time since that potential was arrived at, enticements to nuclear war or nuclear blackmail.

Henry Kissinger proposes that we move for a ban on MIRV'd missiles stretching over ten years, and aiming at one hundred launchers each. And that during that period we go full steam ahead on the development of our Strategic Defense Initiative, so that as we build down the missiles, we build up our defensive capability. Deployment should be limited to the defense of our ABM nucleus, plus the defense of population centers. Here Mr. Kissinger makes the sensible point that both we and the Soviet Union stand to gain security from the almost certain acquisition of limited but devastating nuclear weapons by Third World powers. Such powers are much likelier than the major powers to use even a small inventory of nuclear weapons in a grand Götterdämmerung. Major powers have all but committed suicide in the past, but there is an organic reluctance to do so. And the small powers whose nuclear weapons are governed by fanatical impulses will not easily be deterred by threats of retaliation. They are best coped with by developing a technology that can intercept their missiles before they land and kill a few million people.

The pressures on Mr. Reagan by thoughtless disarmament fetishists, the type who would hail the basic-bargain approach to the future, are high, and are deadly. Any return from Geneva without a full license to proceed to research and to test our defense weapons is a step toward the politics of surrender. □

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE BLACKS?

NEW YORK, OCT. 4

THE OTHER DAY, the banquet speaker before the State Bar Association of Michigan was Jesse Jackson. If the Reverend Jackson gave fewer than ten speeches that week he was sick. He is regularly introduced, of course, as a great black leader, with here and there the hint that he is the pre-eminent black leader, which in terms of publicity received is certainly correct.

How do you figure who are black leaders? Well, the Center for Media and Public Affairs of Washington attempted to do so by pretty straightforward means. "We did this by tabulating citations of the civil-rights groups and political organizations that received the most coverage on issues related to race in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Time*, and *Newsweek* in 1984." What did they discover? "According to our analysis, those groups receiving the most national media coverage were the NAACP, the Urban League, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Operation PUSH, the National Conference of Black Mayors, and the Congressional Black Caucus."

AND WHAT are the leaders of these organizations saying? For instance, about President Reagan? NAACP chairman of the board William F. Gibson has called Ronald Reagan "basically a reactionary and racist." That's a pretty unpleasant thing to be called, if you come to think of it. But heads of the Urban League and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference have said pretty much the same thing about Reagan. And of course the Reverend Jackson says it with his usual panache. Under Mr. Reagan we have achieved a political climate of "anti-black mania."

We are more and more accustomed to the hyperbolic imperative in politics, and the louder you scream, the less people tend to pay any attention to you, always supposing that you are screaming about Reagan's racism, not screaming because you have just fallen off the top of the Empire State Building. Well, the Center for Media and Public Affairs undertook a study the purpose of which was to ascertain whether the views of the black leaders, as identified above, are those of the black people of America, and the results of the inquiry are reassuring. Reassuring because the majority tendency toward any minority that is easily swayed by preposterous lies is to feel contempt for that minority. And contempt for the

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black minority is the last thing one wants to encourage.

Consider, then, the provocative question of affirmative action defined as the allocation of jobs (or student scholarships or whatever) with exact reference to population percentages. In short, affirmation as quotas. The research indicated that 77 per cent of black leaders agree that minorities "should be given preferential treatment in jobs and colleges." By one of those neat coincidences, exactly 77 per cent of black Americans reject the notion that "race should be a major criterion for selection." It is roughly so in the matter of busing: 68 per cent of black leaders are in favor, but only 47 per cent of black Americans.

School prayer? Only 40 per cent of black leaders are in favor. Eighty-three per cent of all blacks are in favor. Abortion? No—14 per cent of black leaders. No—43 per cent of black Americans. Gay rights? Three out of five black leaders in favor, three out of five black Americans opposed to letting homosexuals teach in public schools.

And on the overall question of President Reagan: 13 per cent of black leaders in favor; 30 per cent of American blacks in favor. That's almost a 200 per cent difference between the views of the leaders, and the views of their putative constituency.

You will remember Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick at the Republican Convention in Dallas and her repeated insistence on denominating the Democrats who had convened in San Francisco to nominate Walter Mondale as the "San Francisco Democrats." I.e., not to be confused with Democrats in general. And indeed the *Washington Post*, no less, ran an illuminating poll, shortly after the convention ended, revealing that the delegates in San Francisco were widely separated in their views on critical issues from American Democratic voters. Given that registered Democrats exceeded Republicans in 1984, nothing made clearer that the *Post* was correct than the political returns: American Democrats voted against San Francisco Democrats in droves.

So what does the dissenting black American do about it? How can he effect a fresh emancipation proclamation? That is another way of asking, What does it take to get the *Times*, the *Post*, *Time* and *Newsweek*, CBS and NBC to acknowledge the existence of the 13 per cent of black leaders who favor Reagan's policies: and give them a little more space in the press, and time on the air? There is no question that they are out there: the black men of moderation, who understand that the Federal Government isn't the key to black equality. We need to keep our eyes open, to remind ourselves that on many issues they speak for the black majority. □

A BRIEF EXPOSURE

NEW YORK, SEPT. 23

One learns a lot about one's own culture by slipping on a banana peel every now and then.

Last Friday morning, at a hotel room in Detroit, I awoke in acute distress. Awoke, if that is what you call it, having slept for only twenty minutes, before which time I had been similarly awakened; and so on, back through the night, which was supposed to have begun when I turned off the lights at 1 A.M., having taken the usual medications designed to keep my always freeze-easy respiratory system lubricating away, the better to address the distinguished members of the Michigan State Bar at noon the next day on their fiftieth anniversary.

An interesting challenge, given that at the banquet that night, they had been addressed by the Reverend Jesse Jackson —who arrived without black tie. How did I know? Because the same gentleman of the bar had been deputized to meet us both. As we drove into Detroit at about the hour the banquet would begin I hazarded that the Bar Association might have been better off if my friend Jesse Jackson had remembered his tuxedo, and forgotten his speech. No matter: More work for the truth squad at noon the next day. My guide, when I asked him what was his specialty, said it was protecting doctors against malpractice suits. If his clients are associated with the Harper-Grace Hospitals, my escort has an easy life ahead of him.

Meanwhile I had a very concrete problem. A jab in the center of my chest had abruptly awakened me every twenty minutes over a seven-hour period, resulting in isolated pockets of sleep, but zero repose. "What kind of pain, Mr. Buckley?" I was later asked, and had to remind myself that Harold Ross taught us that "nothing is indescribable" before attempting to "describe" the pain in my chest. Was it one-tenth what you'd feel sticking your hand over a fire? Two-tenths what you'd feel if someone clamped a rubber band around your esophagus? Three-tenths what you'd feel when what's in your stomach tries to move up, instead of down? One-tenth an icicle bullet fired through you by the resident Bulgarian? . . . It really isn't easy.

But everyone should learn what I did not know, which is that when a hotel sends in the paramedics, *they* decide whether there is any reason to suppose your trouble might trace to the heart, and if the answer is yes, you find yourself on an ambulance gurney headed right through Times Square: Not less than four hundred people must have seen me slither out of the hotel into the ambulance. And since one hour and 45 minutes later I was scheduled to address a press conference in advance of a post-luncheon speech, my nifty idea of sneaking off for a quickie test at the Cardiac Arrest Center in the center of Detroit became a little surrealistic. There they treat you as if you have had a heart attack—identical motions are indicated. And you learn for the first time (in my case) that doctors cannot rule out for 24 hours that what you had was indeed a heart attack. They can, in the course of three or four hours, tell you they *think* it was something else, but scientific discipline forbids them to exclude "heart attack"—which is of course what everybody is quietly concluding.

And, then, it is hard to begin to express one's appreciation as the unidirectional messages of good will (you are not allowed to get messages out) flood in. Wife and son materialized, and were permitted to mediate the traffic, requiring a little improvisation when quoting me, since I was at that point near torpor. I remember several messages with especially keen delight, primary among them one from an old friend who relayed that two of his closest associates had died within days of each other, and he was even at that moment headed for a service to deliver a eulogy, and if things did not work out for me at the Harper-Grace Hospitals in Detroit, he could with very little extra work use the same eulogy. However, if in my last moments I had a deathbed repentance and joined the Democratic Party, that would significantly lighten his burden.

A disruptive personal and public experience: The gentlemen of the bar did not get their speech, my friends (and critics) in the newspaper world did not get their column (though on that tight little gurney they wheeled me out on there wasn't even room for my toilet kit, still I sneaked aboard my little Epson computer, hoping to catch breath enough to abort a national solecism before my noon deadline, by which time I was fast asleep).

The whole experience will quickly fade from the memory, such things do, but not the conviction that if you flirt with difficulties of the heart, head for Harper-Grace Hospitals, which are associated with Wayne State University. And if you are very lucky, Joshua Wynne, MD, Chief of the Division of Cardiology, will be there, and if you lie to him that you are pleased that Harvard is doing so well in football, he may even get you an eyeshade, which is the only piece of equipment they don't have at that medical emporium of kind people. What was it I did have? The docs didn't know. I suggested "premature stigmata," but I was not taken seriously. □

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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Jonathan Schell on American Law

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Daughter of Agamemnon — 97 117 172 32 55 11 79

B. A young girl's first attempt at interior decorating might occur here — 70 21 128 9 56 104 41 114 87

C. These tables turned result in division — 26 171 61 100 137 142 90 4 164 47 / 80 111 156 38

D. One kind of infielder — 89 63 113 14 25 148 168

E. Period of gloom — 20 95 154 51 119

F. Flamboyant first lady, to friends (var.) — 157 19 167 76 99

G. Ursa Major's magnificent seven (2 words) — 13 118 67 54 140 1 102 36 86

H. Translator of the Bible into Gothic — 106 160 46 92 124 62 141

I. Architectural style — 28 101 138 155 7 53

J. Former capital of Japan — 96 125 44 169 68

K. Tending to revive old memories — 151 74 52 121 133 39 161 110 15

L. *There's nothing* humorous about this man's curve (full name) — 165 72 5 136 146 103 94 27 126 153 / 57 37

M. Reduces — 166 33 77 60 143 17

N. Show place, so to speak — 134 78 163 45 18

O. Excitement — 85 98 130 107 22 40 6 147 75 162 / 58

P. Archaeological find — 59 73 123 149 35

Q. City in southwest Nebraska — 34 152 170 131 139 23 112 8 65 91 / 50

R. Bane of the house plant — 127 10 43 120 145 88

S. Means of military transport — 42 24 66 12 158 93 132 81 115

T. Outcast — 29 129 84 16 122 108 48

U. West Indies conjuration — 150 159 2 105 69 116

V. *Small island* — 64 31 144 83

W. Like the marathon winner's bank account—or his tarsi — 49 135 71 3 30 109 82

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 80 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 G	2 U	3 W	4 C	5 L	6 O	7 I	8 Q	9 B	■	10 R	11 A	12 S	13 G	14 D	15 K	16 T	17 M		
■	18 N	19 F	■	20 E	21 B	22 O	■	23 Q	24 S	25 D	26 C	27 L	28 I	29 T	30 W	31 V	■		
32 A	33 M	34 Q	35 P	36 G	37 L	38 C	■	39 K	40 O	41 B	42 S	43 R	■	44 J	45 N	■	46 H		
47 C	48 T	49 W	50 Q	51 E	52 K	53 I	54 G	■	55 A	56 B	57 L	58 O	■	59 P	60 M	61 C	62 H		
63 D	64 V	■	65 Q	66 S	■	67 G	68 J	69 U	70 B	■	71 W	72 L	■	73 P	74 K	75 O	76 F		
■	77 M	78 N	79 A	80 C	■	81 S	82 W	■	83 V	84 T	85 O	■	86 G	87 B	88 R	89 D	90 C		
91 Q	■	92 H	93 S	■	94 L	95 E	96 J	97 A	98 O	99 F	■	100C	101I	■	102G	103L	104B		
105U	106H	107O	108T	■	109W	110K	111C	112Q	■	113D	114B	■	115S	116U	117A	118G	119E		
120R	121K	122T	123P	124H	125J	■	126L	127R	128B	129T	130O	■	131Q	132S	133K	134N	■		
135W	136L	137C	138I	139Q	■	140G	141H	■	142C	143M	144V	145R	146L	147O	148D	149P	150U		
151K	■	152Q	153L	■	154E	155I	156C	157F	■	158S	159U	160H	161K	162O	163N	164C	165L		
166M	167F	168D	■	169J	170Q	171C	172A	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■		

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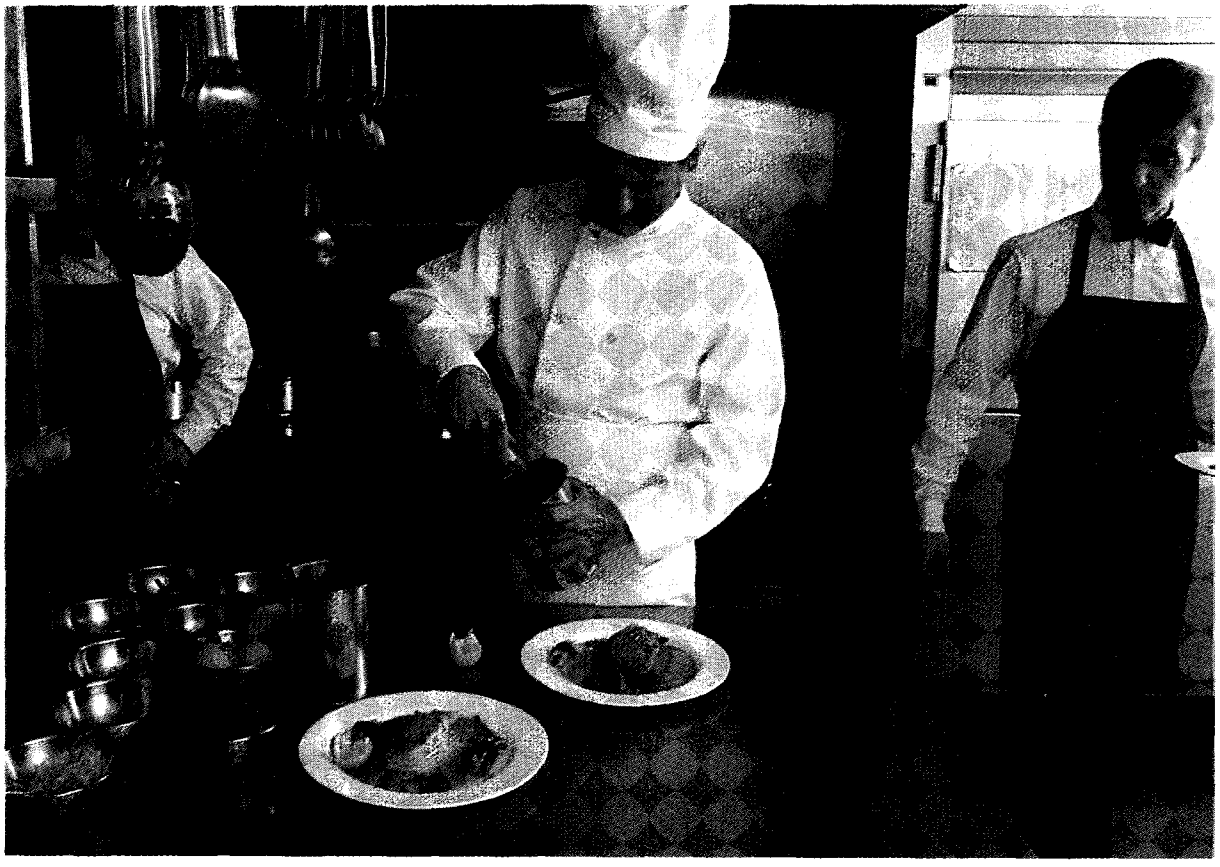

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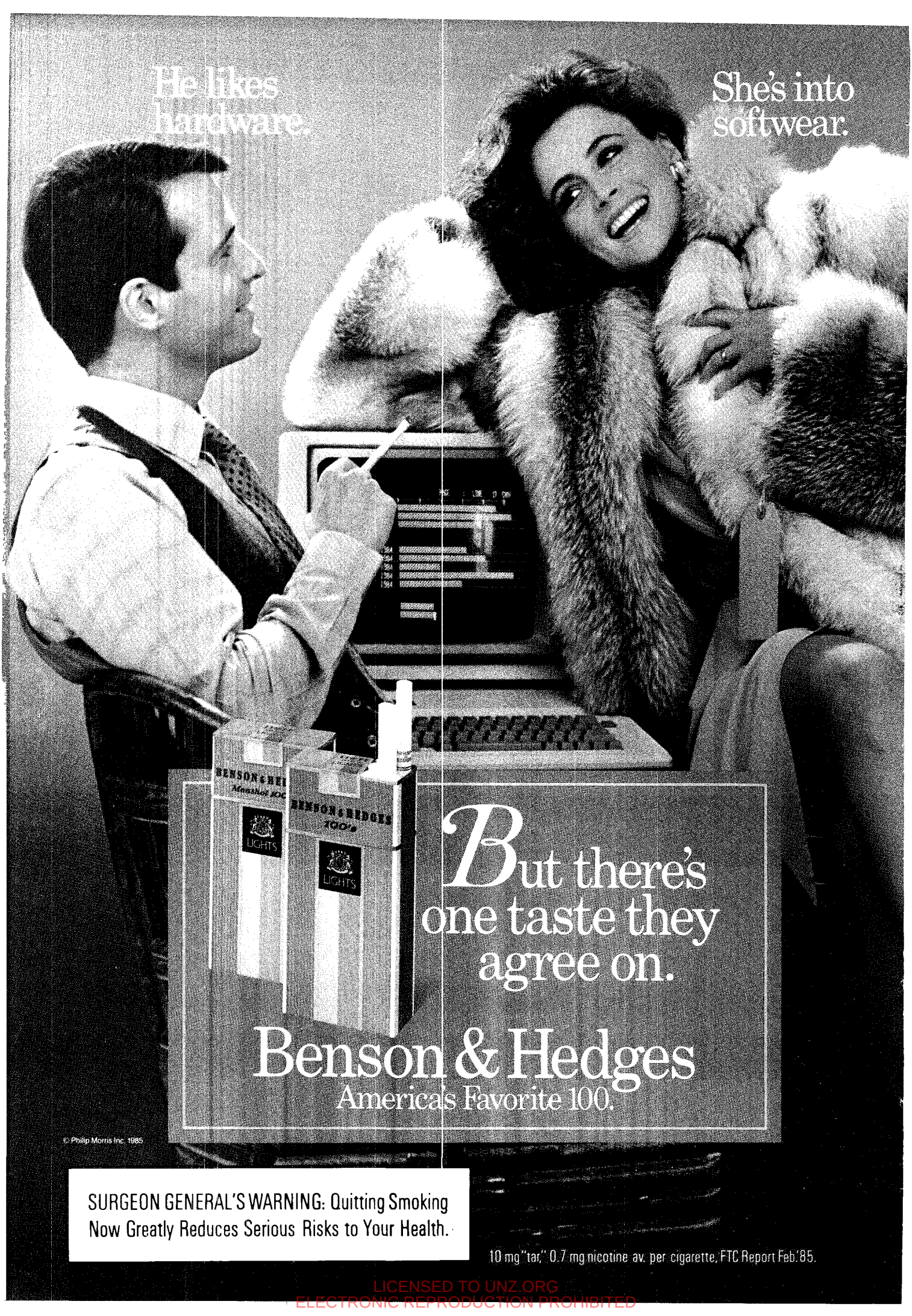
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